

The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow

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EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

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THINGS MIGHT BE MUCH WORSE

See
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Seven

TREASON FORGIVEN. PATRIOTISM IS NOT ENOUGH

President Kemal and the Man Who Fought With Us in France LOVE STRONGER THAN DEATH

Mustapha Kemal Pasha, the President of the Turkish Republic, has just done a beautiful thing in granting a free pardon from a death sentence to a brave man who risked his life because of a great love.

A young man called Sabry Bey, at the beginning of the Great War, found himself in London, where he was in training to be a flying-officer. He was a Turk, and had had a good education. Not wishing to go back to Turkey in the terrible years of the war he fought on the Western Front in the ranks of the British Army. He won promotion and finally became a colonel. The Turkish Government heard of him and of this high promotion, and, though he was out of Turkey, he was condemned to death for high treason.

Servant to His Mother

After the war was over he lived on in England until 1923, when he heard that his mother was very ill, and in great poverty. He made up his mind where his duty lay, and, risking discovery and death, he set out for Turkey and reached the village where his mother was.

They had been well-to-do and were accustomed to servants, but all these had naturally gone. Sabry Bey therefore was able to pass himself off as a servant, and so he lived with his mother eight years under this guise.

Now his mother has died, and at the funeral Sabry Bey was unable to control his deep emotion. The officiating priest questioned him afterwards, and he then confessed that he "was no longer a servant but a son, beloved."

The President's Pardon

The story reached the ears of Mustapha Kemal Pasha; and the President at once sent for the officer, whom he has just addressed in words something like this:

Three times you have risked your life. The first time was when you fought for Turkey in the Balkan War. The second time was when you fought with the English on the Western Front. The third time is now, during these last eight years, when you came under sentence of high treason to live and help your mother.

I have a mother, and I love her dearly; but I do not know whether, in similar circumstances, I should have the courage to come back to her under such a sentence and live in Turkey. You are pardoned and free.

Mustapha Kemal Pasha then shook him heartily by the hand. Filial love had conquered death.

The other week Sabry Bey was made a major in the Turkish Army.

Who Will Get It?



Here is a picture of an exciting moment round the goal during a netball match at Earlsfield between members of the Mitcham Ladies Athletic Club. Which of the players will get the ball, or will it descend on the spiked railings?

A TOWN THINKS IT OVER

SECOND THOUGHTS AT OVIKEN

The Beautiful Old Building and the Ugly New One

HOPE FOR THE CENTRAL HALL?

The C.N. has often complained of the infliction of ugly buildings on the public, and we gladly note an important step taken in Sweden.

Some years ago Ovikén, in North Sweden, did a shocking thing, but it has the grace to confess it now. It is not one of those sulkily places that will never acknowledge a mistake and try to brazen things out.

This was Ovikén's crime. It had a particularly beautiful church, which was built in the Middle Ages. Instead of being proud of the fine work of their forefathers the people said a generation ago: "Let us leave this old-fashioned building and have a new one."

What the People See Now

The new one was hideous and built of ugly coloured bricks, but they were satisfied because it was new. The old masterpiece could tumble down for all they cared. Happily, it stood, in spite of their neglect.

A generation has gone by and Ovikén's taste has improved. Now the people see that a thing is not beautiful or ugly just on account of age. They look at the new church without prejudice and see that it was designed when taste was at its worst. They look at the old, empty, neglected church and see that it is beautiful. So the people of Ovikén are collecting money to put the old church right, and are going back to the building their grandfathers loved.

As to the new ugly building, a petition is being sent to the Government for permission to pull it down or to turn it into an assembly hall.

Vandalism in Kent

How fortunate Ovikén is! When taste was so bad many fine English churches were altered instead of being deserted. The fine Norman church at Faversham, for instance, was spoiled; and there is the classic instance of the ridiculous steeple set up on the noble cathedral of Rochester.

We cannot easily bring back the beauty thus defaced, but there are, fortunately, many churches which have escaped mutilation, and we can be proud of their splendours and see that there are more of them.

Perhaps, after the Swedish example, we may now hope to see some of the ugly blots on London removed; perhaps Sir Robert Perks will save us from the unpleasant sight of the unfinished Central Hall by persuading the Wesleyans to finish the work he so admirably began.

THE ORDEAL OF JENNY WICKMAN

FROM the Baltic comes a glorious tale of bravery at sea.

A gale struck the Finnish schooner Maine off the north-west coast of Gotland. She was completely disabled, and the distracted crew were not able to communicate with the land.

Then the captain and boatswain, as the best swimmers, undertook to go for help. Bravely they went overboard into a terrible sea, and struck out for shore. The captain was drowned, but the boatswain, after a long struggle, managed to reach shore and drag himself to the nearest house. As soon as possible a band of rescuers was got together, and a fishing-smack put out to the wreckage.

The Maine had foundered, and only two living beings remained on the scene. One was an unconscious youth and the other a woman, who was holding him up and clinging to the mast. As she was lifted into the boat she fainted. For twelve hours she had held up the youth.

Her endurance was at an end, and if rescue had not come soon she must have let go of the mast. She would not save herself by dropping the helpless lad.

The hero of this long ordeal is Jenny Wickman. She earns her living as a cook: she has the simple womanly tastes of a very ordinary person, but added to them the courage of a lion. If this disaster had not overtaken quiet Jenny no one would have guessed that she was capable of such great courage.

It is good to know that she are making good progress in hospital.

LIGHT IN JERUSALEM

There are 3300 consumers of electricity today in Jerusalem, and the streets of the city, as well as of Bethlehem, are now all electrically lighted.

There are 22 miles of overhead lines and 21 miles of underground cable in Jerusalem itself, and a steady flow of new consumers.

THE VOICE OF THE NATION

FULL STEAM AHEAD
The People Firm Behind the
National Government
**RESULT OF THE GREAT
PROCESSION TO THE POLLS**

The nation has given Mr MacDonald and his Government the vote of confidence for which they asked, and Ministers are now free to devote all their energies to the greatest tasks that have ever faced the rulers of this country in time of peace.

Upon their shoulders rests the future happiness and prosperity of all of us, for the preservation of the real value of the money in our pockets depends on the decisions they will make. It is essential not only that the value of the pound should be maintained in this country, but that steps should be taken to raise its value in the money markets of the world. Our adverse balance of trade must be changed into a favourable one if we are to remain the leading commercial and industrial country. Measures of wise economy are still necessary, and the reckless public expenditure of the past few years must cease.

Clear Before the World

The new Parliament must show the world in no uncertain manner that Disarmament is the only real solution of the difficulties which all nations are having in balancing their Budgets, and it must review the War Debts and Reparation Payments in the light of their devastating effect on the trade of all the nations.

The Government can now do many things it could not do before, for it is clear before the whole world that the best minds of our people are at one in facing our difficult situation.

It was indeed remarkable how, during the election, always a disturbing feature in a trading country, our national securities rose steadily in value, a sure sign that not only our own people but foreign investors as well were gaining confidence in our future prosperity. Unemployment figures went down, too, in spite of the maintenance of a high bank rate.

The Men at Westminster

It is not to be doubted that a more representative body of men sits at Westminster today than at any time since the close of the war. There were very few three-cornered contests resulting in members representing a minority of their constituents. Instead of extreme remedies being advocated by the candidates, more and more as the days went by moderate common-sense views were stressed on the platforms of all parties. The wild men were in evidence, but only to be laughed at or lamented.

On the whole the election has demonstrated to the world once again how strong is our essential democracy as apart from its extremists, and has justified the view of the Prime Minister that courage is the quality our people admire most in their statesmen.

ON A TREE-TOP The Astonishing Things That Happen

Extraordinary things happen in these days and people live to tell the tale of experiences that would have seemed impossible even to our fathers.

The other day a naval officer learning to fly had reached a height of 2000 feet when his controls jammed and his plane dropped like a stone. He jumped into space, his parachute opened, and he floated into the upper branches of a lofty tree. The fire brigade was sent for, and with long ladders they brought the officer to earth again, none the worse for his strange adventure.

MANNA FROM HEAVEN

**A FAIRY TALE THAT IS
REALLY TRUE**
The Hungry Man and a Meal
From the Sky
DINNER FOR TWO

The age of fairy tales is not over, as this true tale from Stockholm goes to prove.

A certain salesman was out of work, and very hungry. He felt that if only he could get a square meal he would be able to tackle his problem, pluck up heart for another interview and march into some office with such a confident, conquering look that the manager would be impressed.

But how was he to get a meal? By selling his coat? That would never do. He must look smart and prosperous if he was to find a good job. Then where was the meal to come from?

"Here!" said the fairies.

The Right Person

At his feet fell a little parachute with a note attached. It was an invitation for two to dinner at one of Stockholm's famous restaurants. Overhead purred a plane belonging to the Swedish Aero-Transport Company.

It is the kind of thing that might happen in the romances, but is not at all what we expect in real life. Of course the invitation was an advertisement, and we should have expected it to land at the feet of a film star or a millionaire. But we have Sir J. M. Barrie's word for it that there are fairies, and they must have wafted the prize to the right person this time.

The best part about it was that the invitation was for two. So the right person sought out another man who was down on his luck, and the two had the best meal of their lives.

We are sure that, though there were no tips, the waiters enjoyed serving those two poor men rather than the most generous millionaire. All the world loves romance.

MY OLD DUTCH An Old Lady Passes On THE SMILES AND PATHOS OF THE YEARS

An old lady has just passed away whose name recalls to old Londoners the smiles, and a little of the pathos, of more than thirty years ago.

She was Mrs Albert Chevalier, the wife of that great comedian Albert Chevalier, who first brought the fun and humour and the simple kindness of the London Cockney on to the stage.

The particular scene she recalls is one when Chevalier, having won popularity by his songs of the Cockney's Courtship and of the doings in the Old Kent Road, went on to sing of the Cockney's wife, his Old Dutch.

The curtain drew up on Chevalier sitting in the kitchen of a humble London home, with the fire burning briskly and the clock ticking away merrily over the mantelpiece.

Then he sang, this grey-haired old Cockney, of the wife who had been all the years of his life his companion.

*What a wife to me she's been
And what a pal!*

It was Darby and Joan translated into the Cockney dialect; and, though it was all so simple and so sentimental, very many who listened found there were tears in their eyes before the song ended. Its last words were

*When we've to part, as part we must,
I pray that God may take me fast
To wait my pal.*

Albert Chevalier died eight years ago, so that the wish of the song was answered. But, though most who heard him sing have forgotten the words, the memory of the singer still lingers.

A NEW TREATY IN THE MAKING

Canada and U.S.A.
**DEEPENING A RIVER AND
A CANAL**

In spite of the world-wide economic difficulties a step forward is being taken in the proposal to deepen the Upper St Lawrence, as illustrated in our World Map last week, to 25 feet, and to use its dammed-up waters for supplying electric power to Canada and the United States.

Mr Bennett has sent the Canadian Minister back to Washington with authority to negotiate a treaty with Mr Hoover's State Department on the subject.

The reason for this treaty is that though the river is entirely in Canada the United States proposes to deepen the Welland Canal between the Lakes Ontario and Erie. This would enable ocean-going ships to sail from Duluth, 1500 miles from Quebec and nearly half-way across America on the western shores of Lake Superior, and thus cheapen considerably the freightage of goods from the heart of America to the rest of the world.

Port Arthur, Canada's port on Lake Superior, would benefit as much as Duluth, so that the scheme is of mutual value to both countries.

Quebec alone in Canada objects, as a possible future scheme of her own will be made unnecessary. But a great international scheme must outweigh every consideration of a provincial one, and in the end Quebec is bound to benefit.

A GIRDER COMES TO TOWN

Strange Procession Through a
London Street
THE POWER OF A TINY JACK

In the golden days of Italy the whole population of a little town would gather in street and square to see an artist bear his masterpiece from studio to cathedral.

The other day crowds gathered to see another sort of masterpiece make its triumphal journey from a railway station.

This modern masterpiece was a steel girder of 98 tons which had been made at Middlesbrough to span a room in the Cumberland Palace Hotel now being built near the Marble Arch. This girder is 68 feet long, and when it was on the lorry in the London streets the weight that cumbered the ground was 164 tons.

The length of the vehicle and its load was 107 feet, so that exact calculations had to be made in advance to enable this great object to turn corners without overturning lamp-posts and damaging walls.

The eventful journey took place without a hitch and the crowds wondered and cheered. They wondered still more when they saw the ease with which this huge weight was hauled into the building. Little hydraulic jacks 18 inches high were inserted under the girder, a few up-and-down movements of a lever arm were made, and the monster was lifted high enough to be hauled along rails by two men at a windlass.

Truly it was a great day out for the admirer of our modern miracles and a portent of what immensities scientific building is to reach in the future.

Plans are being made for the first cinema in Vatican City.

The British Museum is to save £500 a year by closing the North entrance.

Islington Borough Council is buying 100 tons of salt to melt snow during this winter.

A horse, saddled but riderless, returned home to a farm at Avenbury, near Bromyard, Herefordshire, and its master was found dead some miles away.

DISQUIET ON AN ISLAND

THE RIOTS IN CYPRUS
One of the Very Earliest Homes
of Christianity
REVOLT WITHOUT REASON

To the surprise of everybody a riot broke out in Cyprus the other week which resulted in the burning of the residence of the Governor of this pleasant island in the Mediterranean Sea.

The cause of the trouble was the unwillingness of the Greek members of the Legislature to agree to a new and better method of taxation which the British administration, supported by the Colonial Minister in London, had established. In addition, the Greek lawyers, schoolmasters, moneylenders, and some priests have been agitating for the surrender of the island to Greece.

Neutrality of Greece

Cyprus was ceded by Turkey to England in 1878 for administrative purposes, and on the outbreak of the war was annexed. Mr Venizelos has declared that he does not consider the union of Cyprus with Greece a political issue. As the island has not been a Greek island for 2500 years, and includes a large Mohammedan population, there is no reason for its surrender.

The British administration has been fair and just, measures for the prevention of usury having been enforced, education encouraged, and a judicial system established in which Greek and Moslem judges take part in every court.

The Island in History

The area of Cyprus is 3600 square miles, and the population numbers about 320,000, of whom 62,000 are Mohammedans. The chief export is asbestos, copper coming next. It is, indeed, from the Greek word for copper that Cyprus is named, the ancient Greeks having developed its rich mines in early times.

The Cypriotes, as we read in the Bible, were among the first Gentile peoples to embrace Christianity, and their Church is still an independent branch of the Eastern Church. The Cypriotes have a reputation as peaceable and orderly folk, needing only 900 policemen to keep order throughout the island. The outbreak was, therefore, all the more surprising and went to lengths both unnecessary and brutal.

ALL THE WORLD LOVES THE BIRDS

Our description of the swallows taken by aeroplane from Austria to warmer winter quarters has reminded a C.N. friend of the swallows: often helped through the great passes from Switzerland into Italy.

One autumn a friend of hers watched the driver of a St Gothard train pick up many of these little travellers lying numbed on the ground. He warned them and carried them with him through to the sunshine on the other side of the mountains.

Often Swiss children come to the train and beg a lift for these poor frozen birds, and once a goods train was packed with them and driven through the Simplon Tunnel to sunny Italy.

THINGS SAID

It is still an exciting thing to be English.
Mr Noel Coward

The tariff spirit keeps alive the war spirit.
A C.N. reader

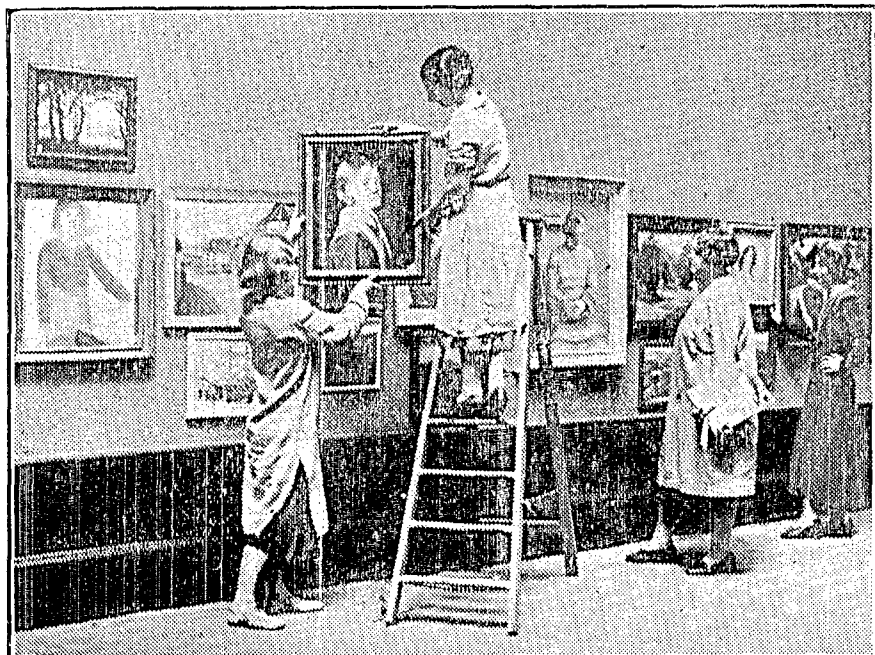
Many buildings are far too well built.
Mr T. C. Howitt of Nottingham

We in the North speak the truth without formula.
Lord Derby

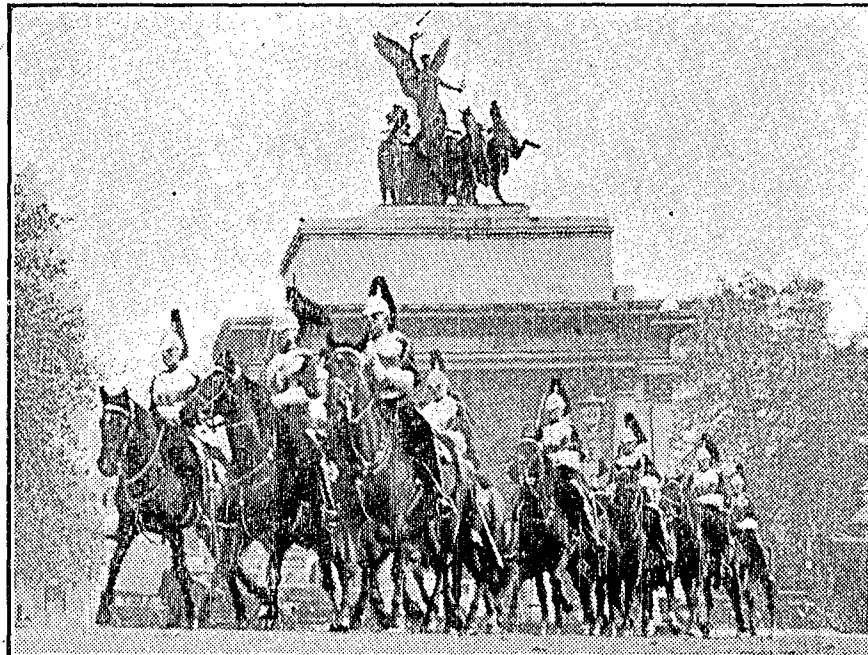
The camera enables the feeble-minded to look as if they had brains.

Mr St John Eryine

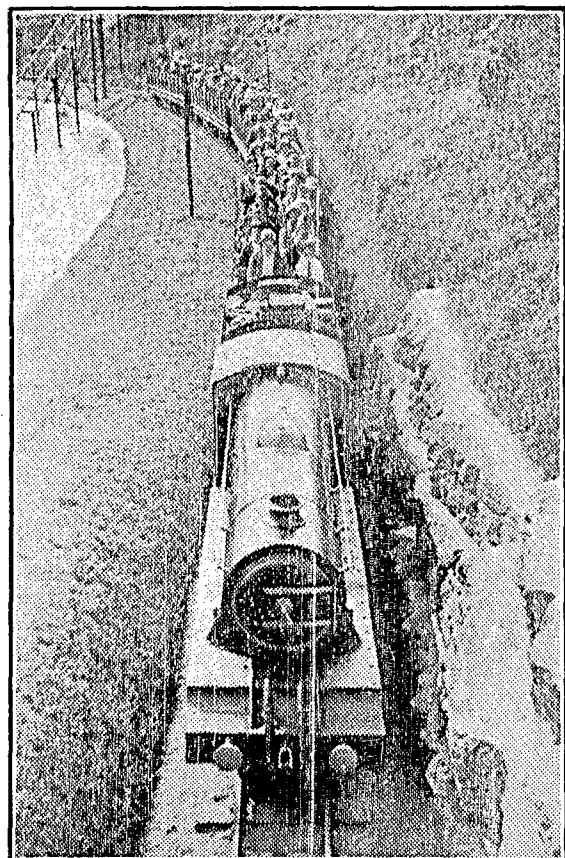
RAHERE PAGEANT · FREE PLANTS FOR LONDONERS · AERIAL POSTMAN



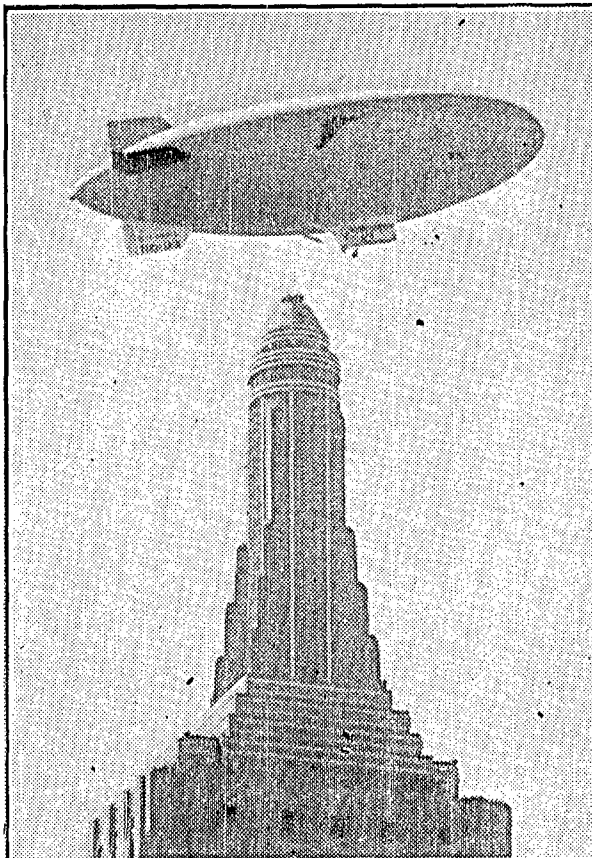
Royal Academy Students—Present-day students of the Royal Academy have been holding an exhibition at Burlington House. Some of the artists are seen arranging their pictures.



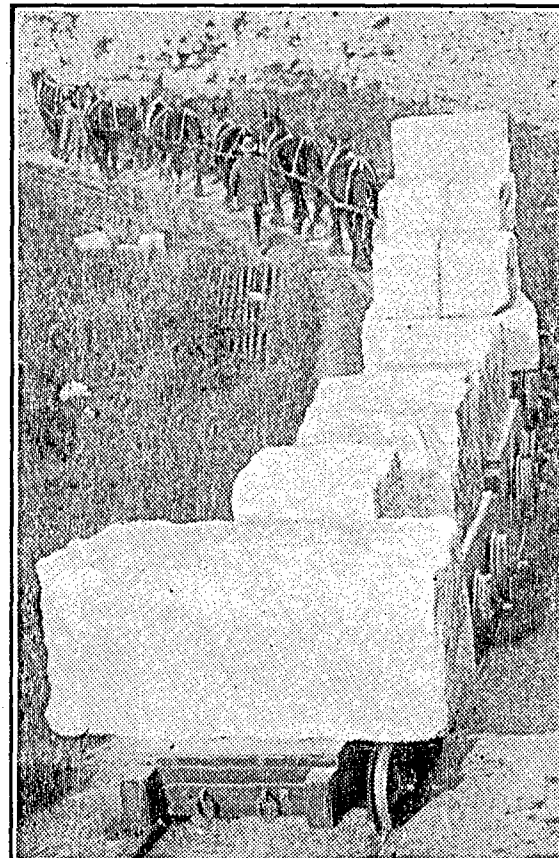
The King's Horses and the King's Men—The beautiful Quadriga on Constitution Hill makes a striking background for this picture of Horse Guards crossing Hyde Park Corner.



A Yorkshire Railway—The railway slump does not seem to have affected this model line round the North Day at Scarborough. Though laid down less than a year ago, it has already proved a very great success.



The Aerial Postman—The airship Columbia is here seen manoeuvring to pick up a bag of letters from the mooring mast on the top of the great Empire State Building in New York. The letters were afterwards delivered to a ship on its way to Europe.



For London Buildings—Portland stone is being used for many of London's new buildings. Here is a load of 35 tons of the stone being hauled out of the famous Portland quarries by a team of six horses.



Pageant in a Church—Incidents in the life of Rahere, the founder of St Bartholomew's, Smithfield, are being presented in his church as a pageant. This episode shows an apple-woman distributing fruit to children. See page 4.



From Park to Garden—Each autumn when flower-beds in London parks are cleared thousands of plants are given away to the public. These smiling girls are happy in the knowledge that the plants will help to make their gardens gay next summer.

GREATHEART OF THE GATEHOUSE

A TALE OF ST BART'S

The Cripple and the Gold Watch
He Won and Lost and Found

A POSTSCRIPT TO RAHERE

Once, not many years ago, there stood at a London street corner a crippled man selling newspapers. He was different from other news-sellers in London because he managed his business with one hand. The other hand held a collecting-box for Bart's Hospital.

He was as poor as most men who earn a living in that way, but he would have scorned to beg for himself. For Bart's he begged as cheerfully and boldly as a robin begs for crumbs. In four years he collected a thousand pounds.

The governors of the hospital felt that they must show their gratitude. No, said the cripple; it was he who was in their debt. When his wife was ill Bart's had made her well.

Proudest Man in London

But the governors persisted in giving him a gold watch and chain to commemorate his great service to the hospital. There was not a prouder man in all London than the crippled news-seller then.

Time went by, and Bart's lost touch with him for a while. One day he was met in the streets by Canon Savage, the rector of St Bartholomew's Church, which was founded, like the hospital, by Rahere, Henry the First's jester, and is closely linked with it still.

The cripple was in far worse plight than before. His poor frame was more twisted, and he had less power over it.

Suffering and poverty were writ all over him. So to cheer him up the canon spoke of the good old days when he had collected a small fortune for the hospital. The poor man smiled.

A Small Pension

Then the canon asked if he might see the famous watch. The cripple's face fell. Unwillingly he confessed that he had been forced to pawn it for food.

The News-vendors Institution was informed, and a small pension was granted that brave little Cockney hero who would beg—but never for himself. The first thing he did was to redeem the precious watch.

How does he come to be linked up with the news of the day? Through St Bartholomew's Gatehouse. Without knowing it, he was doubly linked with old Rahere, first as a collector, then as a lodger.

He lived in part of a dreary-looking slum house. During the war an obliging Zeppelin bomb skinned off the plaster front of this house and revealed beautiful timber and brickwork underneath.

A House With a History

"Hallo!" said the world, "this is a house with a history." There was a searching in old maps and documents, and soon the history was plain. This was a Tudor Gatehouse added to the priory of old Rahere. From this Gatehouse, it is said, the horrible Mary Tudor watched men and women burn because they would not have their faith forced on them by Rome.

The Gatehouse had come down in the world, like the church. At the end of last century part of it was a blacksmith's shop, part a school, and part a factory. Now the buildings are restored.

The last thing to be restored is the Gatehouse. In order to pay for it a new pageant play about Rahere is being performed in St Bartholomew's Church for a month from October 19, at 6 p.m. every weekday and at 3 p.m. every Sunday.

We hope the crippled news-vendor will be there to see the story of the man who founded Bart's, the man with whom he has so much in common, though their lives are 800 years apart.

Two New Shakespeare Discoveries

WHAT A RECORD SEARCHER FOUND

A Surrey Justice Now Said to be
the Original of Mr Justice Shallow

A RIGHT ROYAL QUARREL AT STRATFORD-ON-THE-AVON

THERE is news of Shakespeare to add to the little we know of him. Dr Leslie Hotson, the American scholar, has made two more notable discoveries in the Public Record Office.

It was there, as C.N. readers will remember, that he discovered the true story of the death of Christopher Marlowe. His new discoveries concern Shakespeare and Shakespeare's father. One discovery is dealt with at length in his new book *Shakespeare versus Shallow*; the other he has communicated to *The Times*.

One day Dr Hotson was wading through the Controlment Rolls of the Court of Queen's (King's) Bench during Shakespeare's lifetime when suddenly he found this in Latin:

Be it known that William Wayte craves sureties of the peace against William Shakspeare, Francis Langley, Dorothy Soer wife of John Soer, and Anne Lee, for fear of death, and so forth.

A False Knave

The entry was dated 1596.

Dr Hotson found that a little earlier in the same year Francis Langley had sworn the peace against William Wayte and William Gardiner.

Then he set patiently to work to find out who they were.

William Gardiner was a villain. But he was rich and powerful, was a member of the Leathersellers Company, and a justice of the peace. William Wayte was his stepson and his tool.

Gardiner's wealth was got by swindling and oppression. He was just the sort of man Shakespeare would have despised. Langley had said of him: "He is a false knave, and a false perjured knave, and I will prove him so." Gardiner claimed enormous damages, but dared not bring the matter into court, knowing that Langley would prove his words.

Francis Langley built the Swan playhouse on the Bankside in Surrey, and Gardiner was a Surrey justice who probably tried to defraud him in some way. As justice of the peace his power to persecute and hamper was great.

Shallow and Gardiner

The great question that arises is, did Shakespeare pillory this bully when he put Mr Justice Shallow on the stage? Shallow was a justice like Gardiner, and was sheriff of Surrey and Sussex; he had a deer park like Gardiner, which, we are told, Sir Thomas Lucy technically had not; and he had laces on his coat-of-arms like Gardiner.

Hitherto most people have been certain that Shallow was Sir Thomas Lucy, because there was a tradition that Shakespeare left Stratford after being caught poaching deer in Lucy's park, and because Shallow was a justice, and had laces in his coat-of-arms. But there is no document to prove the poaching story.

There is a good deal to be said on both sides, and students of Shakespearean history will enjoy reading the evidence Dr Hotson offers, whether they are for Gardiner or for Lucy.

Was Shakespeare afraid to make his libel too plain? Gardiner was a villain and Shallow merely a fool. But, as Shakespeare knew, nothing hurts so much as ridicule; and it is likely enough if Shallow was meant for Gardiner, and the portrait seems more life-like in the *Merry Wives* than in the play of Henry the Fourth, that Bankside audiences would recognise his identity behind the caricature.

Now for Dr Hotson's more recent discovery. In the course of his ex-

haustive search through the Controlment Rolls of the Court of Queen's (King's) Bench he found that John Shakespeare, the poet's father, had a paragraph in Latin all to himself. It had to do with a case curiously similar to that in which his son William was later to be involved.

In the Trinity Term of 1582 John appealed for sureties of the peace against some of his fellow-townsmen. By that we should mean today that he wanted them bound over to keep the peace because they had threatened him.

The appeal mentions that he went in fear of death from them, but that was merely the legal phrase, and may have meant no more than that John had had a right royal quarrel with these his neighbours in Stratford, and that he had jumped in first with this legal form so as to put them in the wrong.

One of the oddities of our ignorance about Shakespeare the man is that it seems much easier to find out about the people who must have known him than about himself. Dr Leslie Hotson can tell us a good deal about two out of the four men whom John Shakespeare cited in his petition.

New Figures in the Story

The four were Ralph Cawdrey, William Russell, Thomas Loggins, and Robert Young. Strange that these four, after being in oblivion for nearly four centuries, should be given a kind of immortality by having their names inscribed among Shakespearean family annals.

Ralph Cawdrey was quite a big man in Stratford, High Bailiff, butcher, and a Roman Catholic, whose wife and daughter kept to their old religion and whose son was a fugitive Jesuit priest. He was tenant of the Angel Inn.

John Shakespeare had succeeded him in the year 1569 as High Bailiff, but before that time they had scarcely been on friendly terms. John had been a surety for a neighbour whom Ralph sued for debt. He had also been a constable of the village when Cawdrey was fined for assaulting one of John's connections by marriage.

Perhaps he arrested the butcher, but, however that may be, it is on record that a lawsuit in which John was engaged came before Cawdrey as a sort of local justice of the peace. It may be that then the fat was in the fire.

When Shakespeare Was a Boy

From other records it appears that Cawdrey the butcher was a violent, turbulent man, and it is certain also that when young William Shakespeare was a boy his father, then become an alderman, no longer attended the town meetings. By this time the quarrel may have gathered partisans on both sides.

Robert Young, who was clearly one of Cawdrey's partisans, was a dyer in Stratford, and he, too, comes into the legal records. Lawsuits seem to have been rather favoured in Stratford, though Thomas Loggins and William Russell, the father of four children, do not appear in them before John Shakespeare took action against them.

And here the curtain falls. We do not know what became of the quarrel, or whether choleric old John Shakespeare got the better of his enemies. But the year in which he entered his Petition for Security, his young son William, at the age of 18, married Anne Hathaway, so perhaps it was all no more than a storm in a teacup.

Nineteen years later than that the old alderman died in peace, proud no doubt of his son's growing success; and he outlived both his old enemy the butcher and Robert Young.

THE EVIL SPIRIT IN IRELAND

CROMWELL'S MANTLE FOR THE PRESIDENT

Breaking the Power of the
Country's Enemies

DRASTIC ACT OF PARLIAMENT

Peace has been imposed on Ireland by the strong hand of President Cosgrave. But it is very like an armed peace.

The dissatisfaction arising in Ireland from the hard times she is experiencing with the rest of the world expressed itself in rioting. That is not unusual in Ireland, where it has long been almost a merit among young Irishmen to be "agen the Government."

But the worst and most calamitous aspect of this discontent has been that it has not been open and organised opposition, but murderous conspiracy.

Gangs of gunmen of the type only too well known in America paralysed law and order; armed men terrorised the countryside. Ireland was being blackmailed by them. They called themselves Communists; the rest of the country called them assassins.

Mr Cosgrave's Hope

Mr Cosgrave did not content himself with denunciation. He went to the Irish Parliament and demanded from it powers such as no British Government ever sought for governing uneasy Ireland.

The Act gives the Civic Guards unlimited powers of search and arrest upon suspicion. Men found possessing or using firearms will be liable to trial by a military tribunal of three highly-placed officers, who will be able to sentence the guilty to death without appeal, and without an inquest being necessary.

During all the 120 years when England ruled in Ireland no such drastic statute was ever passed.

No nation, if it is to survive and have peace, can permit armed rebellion against its national will; and, though he has obtained these drastic powers from the elected representatives of his people, Mr Cosgrave has expressed his earnest hope that it will be unnecessary to make use of them. He has drawn about his shoulders the mantle of Oliver Cromwell. The Great Protector has never ceased to be cursed in Ireland because he was an Englishman; but Mr Cosgrave, an Irishman, may live to be blessed.

INTERFERENCE

Tribulations of Wireless

Wireless is always grumbling about what it calls interference.

All kinds of useful things such as telegraph wires, power-lines, electric cars, are causing difficulties in broadcasting television in New York, and so a new transmitting station is being built a thousand feet up in the air. Now wireless has been grumbling at something much nearer home.

Sixty electric trolley buses have been put on the road in the Kingston-on-Thames area, and listeners have complained that their wireless reception is spoiled by the noise caused by the contact of the trolley wheel on the wires.

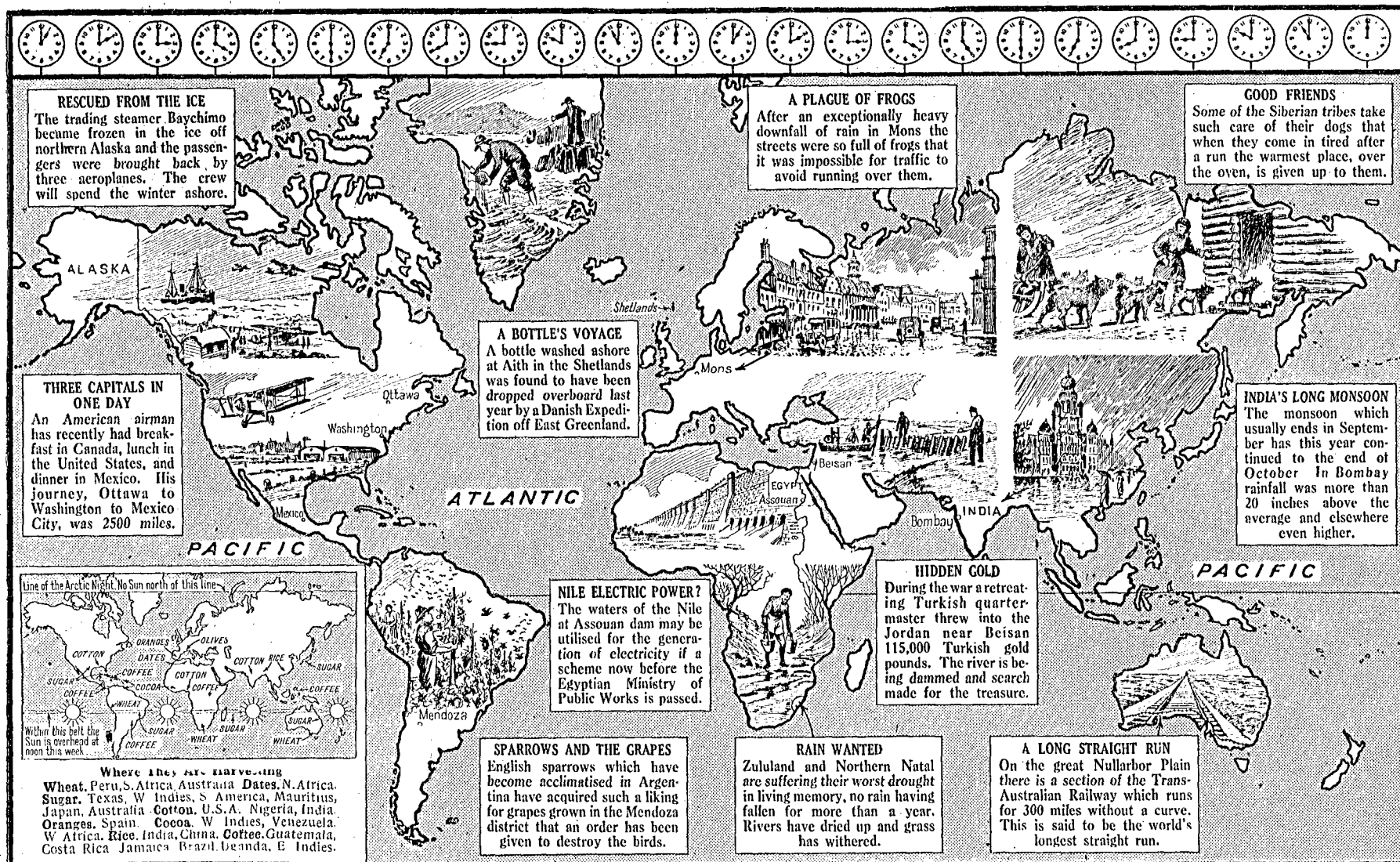
So a new "stopper coil" has been devised by the electrical engineers, which is placed in the lead to the trolley arm, and after a successful test with six of the buses these coils are being fitted to the whole fleet.

A WEEKLY GOOD DEED

Have you ever thought how difficult it is for a newsagent to order just the right number of copies of any paper each week? C.N. readers can make his task much easier by placing a regular order with him.

In this way you will not only help him to order correctly and avoid waste, but will make sure of getting your copy regularly.

PICTURE-NEWS AND TIME MAP SHOWING EVENTS ALL OVER THE WORLD



HELPING ONE ANOTHER Nations and the Golden Rule

Many countries have sent generous gifts to the stricken people of the flooded areas of China, the gifts including not only money and food, but medical aids.

Holland has sent 1000 kilograms of quinine (over 2000 pounds) as a preventive against malaria. Denmark and Poland have sent quantities of vaccine to protect against cholera and dysentery; Spain has despatched a medical officer.

The prevention of epidemics is considered an international obligation, and the League of Nations, in response to a request from the Chinese Government, has sent an expert in relief works to act as director of the headquarters of the National Flood Relief Commission. The expert was piloted from Nanking to Hangkow by Colonel Lindbergh.

ASLEEP UNDER THE TREES

A New Landmark on the Chilterns

Those who know the Chilterns, and love every path and wood, gorse slope, dark fir thicket, and distant pastel view of green and blue, will some day know a new landmark on these dear hills, for one who lived among them has died, and a grove of trees is to shelter where she lies.

She was Mrs Tucker Skipwith Coles, a good reader of the C.N. and the American representative on the Council of the Men of the Trees. It is the Men of the Trees who are planting this grove round the churchyard of Bledlow Ridge, to stand as a lasting memorial to the woman who lies beneath their branches.

THE CYGNET

A cygnet which alighted exhausted in Penwortham Road, Streatham, was picked up and taken to Tooting Bec Common lake.

We thank all those people who did not kill it.

FLOODLIGHTING Learning its Lessons

The new art of floodlighting seems likely to have its practical uses, quite apart from the beauty of its effects.

It was found to be of great help at a big fire at Leeds the other day, where a wallpaper factory was ablaze. A number of powerful floodlights were hastily brought to the scene and trained on the building, and the illumination was of the greatest possible assistance to the firemen in locating windows in the big building through which to direct hoses.

Floodlighting is being tried, too, by some of the big railway companies to light their goods and shunting yards at night, and is likely to give a far more general illumination and to be much more economical than the present arrangement of scattered lamps.

YOUNG EGYPT

Young England salutes Young Egypt, especially Miss Dawlat Moustapha, who is 14 and the daughter of a schoolmaster in Alexandria.

She has made her third rescue from drowning this season.

Those of us who live far away in the West are apt to think that Egypt produces sands, palms, rivers, pyramids, and donkey boys. It is just as well to know that it produces heroes too.

A FLAG DAY FOR THE OLD COUNTRY

Ilkley, the Yorkshire spa which has long been famous for its wonderful setting of moorland scenery, has added to its laurels by organising a street collection to help the country.

Hundreds of collectors manned stations, and the grand total amounted to £117. It contained two half-sovereigns and one sovereign.

TOO MUCH COTTON New Crop to be Hoarded

The new American cotton crop has turned out to be so much bigger than was anticipated that the world is faced with another over-production trouble, and the price of cotton has again fallen.

So, while hundreds of millions of people want more cotton goods, and while cotton employees are largely unemployed, we are told that the world has too much cotton!

In the United States it is feared that the supply of new cotton will ruin the cotton market and drive prices down to an absurd level. A plan has therefore been made to hoard seven million bales of cotton to keep them off the market, and the Southern States, where cotton is grown, are endeavouring to secure a substantial reduction in cotton-growing next year.

HOW THEY SPENT THEIR MONEY

We have received a delightful letter from the headmistress of the Whatstandwell school which won the first prize in our Village Competition.

Apparently there was much discussion on what to do with the money. First the girls thought of a hundred things and then the boy started.

But in the end they all agreed, and a set of the Children's Encyclopedia is now on the shelves.

We hear from the headmistress that it is already beginning to look a little shabby, but (she adds) that is really the best thing that can happen to a book so long as the damage is fruitful.

DEAR OLD STAY-AT-HOME

Mrs Susan Meredith, of Bathurst in Ontario, lived with her parents until her wedding day; then, 71 years ago, she moved to her husband's farm, which was just across the road.

Now she has died, aged 106, having never lived more than a quarter of a mile from the room where she was born.

A VILLAGE PICTURE PUZZLE

Kent Community Council

An interesting competition is now being run by the Kent Community Council.

All that has to be done by the competitors is to guess the names of different places in Kent which are represented by drawings of various objects.

Though the Editor of the C.N. knows 400 towns and villages of Kent, he is still puzzling over what place in that county a picture of a baby crying in a font could possibly represent; and all the time Peter Puck hovers near, convinced that if only the Editor would hand over the competition form he could do the whole thing in two minutes.

"Get an entry form of your own," says the Editor, and that is the advice he gives to all competition lovers. The forms can be had from the Community Council of Kent, 35, Cheriton Gardens, Folkestone, and entries must be in before December. Half the entrance money (sixpence each) is to be given in prizes and the other half to help on the work of the Community Council.

REST FOR THE PIT PONY

For the first time in its ninety years the Scottish S.P.C.A. is issuing an appeal to the public.

It needs money to carry on its work, to pay for the motor-ambulance now seen in the streets of Edinburgh and to endow the Rest Farm to which this ambulance takes many a poor old horse.

It is not only casualties that are taken to this farm outside Balerno. Ponies working in the mines have here a home for their old age, while any owners may board their animals at the farm. There are already two old pensioners, one a pony which has worked over twenty years in a Staffordshire mine.

A booklet giving an account of how an old building and a few fields have been turned into a Rest Farm may be had from the headquarters at 19, Melville Street, Edinburgh.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

NOVEMBER 7 1931

Now We Can Get On

THE nation has spoken, and it has spoken with no uncertain voice. It means to carry on and not to dissipate its strength in fruitless quarrelling. Now we can get on.

Whatever the wild men of both sides may say, the heart of the common people of our country yearns, not for revolutions, not for agitated changes this way or that way; not for changing things (as the modern custom is) for the mere sake of change, but for full steam ahead on this nation's ancient road of Peace, Retrenchment, and Reform. They are old words and they have served us well; they are, above all other things, what our people pray for.

Most of us have been ashamed to see that on both sides of the political arena there have been wild men willing to use the crisis of the nation for their party purposes. Nero fiddling while Rome is burning; changing horses while crossing a stream; burning down the house to roast a pig—we have seen too much of it all.

What we expect of our Government is that it will put first things first and small things in their place, that it will send the little party men about their business, all the hucksters, and tricksters, and manoeuvrers, and greedy people, and selfish people, and irresponsible people; and will let it be known to all the world that the spirit of the Old Land is still in her new Government, and that she will yet lead the world in the paths of prosperity and peace.

The National Government has four years before it, four years of work that we can all agree upon, four years in which to save ourselves, and in saving ourselves to help to save mankind.

What we have to do is to keep our credit shining like bright gold, to see that every child born into this land has the chance of a happy life, to sweep our slums away and set our army of idle men to work in building up new homes. There are crooked paths to straighten and rough places to make smooth. There is plenty of work for all to do in bringing back our lost prosperity. We do not believe there is any insuperable difficulty in setting our people to work if we all put our hands to the plough and do the best we can.

We are a nation yet, and we must lead the world. We must send out the trumpet call of Peace on every wind that blows, for there is no other way to get this old world straight. It is War that has cursed us; it is Peace that will bless us. The whole world must disarm. Safety and goodwill at home, safety and peace abroad: let us get on.



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

John Carpenter House, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



Back to Genesis

HE who works most and best shall receive most; he who does not work at all shall receive nothing.

It sounds old-fashioned enough, but it is a rule laid down by the Sixth Congress of Russian Soviets.

We are back to Genesis:

In the sweat of thy face shall thou eat bread.

Plus ça change, plus c'est la même chose.

22 Conquests

IT is still an undecided question whether men or insects will ultimately rule the Earth; sometimes, as we look round and survey this world, it must seem that the insects have a chance of winning.

But there is hope. It appears that out of 60 British insect pests 21 have been attacked in vain so far, 17 with promise of success, and 22 with complete success.

The Man Who Wants the Road

WE hear much of the accidents that happen, but little of the accidents from which the idiots of the road are saved.

One of this group of motorists was motoring the other day from Canterbury to his house just down the Dover Road, and at his gate turned in from the middle of the road without the slightest warning to the car immediately following him or the car immediately approaching him.

Can selfishness farther go than that a man should imagine in these days that the road is for him alone?

Extraordinary

ONE of our friends who has been travelling in Kent came home the other day having seen two extraordinary things, two remarkable holes in the ground.

The first was on the great height of Dover Castle where he leaned over the well. The guide has learned to do a clever thing that interests those to whom he shows the well. He took an oily rag, lit it, and sent it round and round down the great shaft. It lit up the sides of the well 400 feet deep, and was a remarkable sight.

The second hole was in the marvellous garden of Mr Leney at Saltwood, where the beavers a thousand years ago were pulling down trees and piling up peat. Mr Leney has made here one of the most wonderful gardens in Kent, and he took up a stick and pushed it in the ground while the traveller, hardly believing his eyes, watched it disappear for fifteen feet.

Being Kind

So many gods, so many creeds,
So many paths that wind and wind,
While just the art of being kind
Is all the sad world needs.

The Trip to Scotland

HOLIDAYS are over; but not the happy remembrance of them.

We have just been shown by a laughing mother the very first letter she had from her small son who travelled up to Scotland by night all alone to stay with his Uncle:

I found the preserved carriage quite all right, Mop dear—,
the letter began in all solemnity.

Two Wise Things

Pardon others often, but yourself seldom.

Take care of the minutes and the hours will take care of themselves.

Tip-Cat

EVERYBODY is economising. Even the days are drawing in.

WEALTH is a disease, says a speaker. But nobody wants a cure.

IT is said that insanity is decreasing. Perhaps it is only that several

people who were thought crazy years ago are now able to say "I told you so."

MODERN servants demand too much attention, a lady complains. Yet they

don't want to be given notice.

BANY cars are bigger this year. Someone has been sizing them up.

SOME women are driven to do their own housework, says a writer. And some walk.

A DOCTOR remarks that some children look peaky. Parents should realise the point.

A HOUSEWIFE complains of the smallness of modern sitting-rooms. They should be called standing rooms.

THERE is no fun like work, we are told. Some people never find any like it.

NOWADAYS a woman looks after her complexion. Only when it begins to go.

THE BROADCASTER

C.N. Calling the World

AN Austrian novelist who has died asked to be buried as a pauper the money saved to go to hospitals.

ORKNEY has opened a voluntary fund for the national exchequer.

LORD CHESHAM has allowed his Buckinghamshire farmer tenants to live rent free for the last six months.

JUST AN IDEA

You do wish happiness; you shall have what you desire on condition you desire that which is good for all.

The Rowan

THE Mountain Ash puts forth her fire
In feathered greenness framed.
How came a little English tree
To be so proudly named?

IN winter did she live among
High peaks of snow and ice?
In summer did the gentians strew
Her path—and edelweiss?

AND did some traveller of old,
Who saw her glory flame
Upon the mountains, bring her
home
To us till she became

PART of the golden meadowlands
When autumn is at hand;
A Royal Standard of our woods;
A flag flown in our land?

Marjorie Wilson

David Puts His Foot In It

By Our Country Girl

DAVID is 22 months old. Like all men he loves a comfortable pair of shoes. When he has to wear new shoes there is unpleasantness.

The other day he was toddling about an outfitter's shop while Grannie chose his winter vests. At the same counter sat a strikingly attired child in a push chair. His parents were discussing loudly whether he should have a white fur coat or one of satin trimmed with swansdown. They made it clear that the price did not matter; the only question was which would be prettier.

Suddenly David's voice was heard in a shrill shriek of delight.

"Old shoes!" he cried. "Old shoes!" People looked round. David had turned back the pram rug and was grasping the other baby's foot, which was clad in a very shabby pale blue shoe with a hole in the toe.

"I congratulate you, old chap!" was what David meant, as he shouted again "Old shoes!"

Grannie expected the parents to laugh, but they looked at David as if he were a black beetle or an earwig, and then turned haughtily away.

One fears there is going to be very little fun in their child's childhood, but at any rate its old shoes are comfortable, and we may wish him much happiness in his swansdown coat.

A Little More and a Little Less

A little more kindness, a little less creed;
A little more giving, a little less greed;
A little more smile, a little less frown;
A little less kicking a man when he's down;

A little more We, a little less I;
A little more laugh, a little less cry;
A little more flowers on the pathway of life;

And fewer on graves at the end of the strife.

By a Writer Unknown

An Evening Prayer

Lamb of God, I look to Thee;
Thou shalt my example be:
Thou art gentle, meek, and mild,
Thou wast once a little child.

Loving Jesus, gentle Lamb,
In Thy gracious hands I am:
Make me, Saviour, what Thou art;
Live Thyself within my heart.

THINGS MIGHT BE MUCH WORSE THE WORKING AND THE IDLE PEOPLE

Some Illuminating Facts About the Tragedy of Unemployment

BETTER TIMES COMING

Everyone is rejoicing because the official record for the first week in October showed a reduction of 33,252 in the number of unemployed, while the succeeding week's record showed a further decline of 24,774.

As Mr Snowden's crisis Budget estimated that there would be 3,000,000 unemployed right up to April 1933, we may congratulate ourselves that the official pessimism has not been warranted, for at the time of writing it is still nearly a quarter of a million less.

The Unemployed

It should not be forgotten that the unemployed army is made up of three different elements.

1. *Wholly Unemployed.* These number 2,120,410. They represent persons who are wholly out of work, and are not persons who normally follow irregular occupations.

2. *Work Temporarily Stopped.* These are 531,002, not out of work in the ordinary sense, but either on short-time or merely suspended.

3. *Casual Workers.* Under this head 115,334 are registered. They also are not persons that we should ordinarily call unemployed, but irregular workers, such as those engaged in dock, harbour, river, and canal work.

Figures Commonly Exaggerated

We thus see that the aggregate of nearly 2,800,000 includes over half a million who are not unemployed in the ordinary sense. When this is understood the figures, while still formidable, look much more hopeful.

It should not be forgotten, too, that persons in actual employment have not fallen as much as the number of unemployed would lead us to suppose.

Thus, if we take the figures and go back to 1924, we find that the number of insured persons actually employed in that year, excluding the sick or those idle through trade disputes, were:

First Quarter	9,360,000
Second Quarter	9,620,000
Third Quarter	9,530,000
Fourth Quarter	9,550,000

If we take the latest comparative figure for this year we find that last September the corresponding number in work was 9,326,000, which is almost as many as were at work in the first quarter of 1924.

Fresh Hope

In the intervening years the greatest amount of comparative employment was registered in 1929, in the first quarter of which year the number of insured persons who were actually in work was 10,030,000.

When we consider these figures, together with the disturbed condition of the world at large, we are able to gain fresh hope. We realise how large a proportion of our working population has remained in work. We need not doubt, therefore, that coming days will see a great reduction in our unemployed and a great addition to the volume of work accomplished.

MR FORD OF FORD

A few months ago Mr Henry Ford was looking round for a site that would be suitable for a huge aerodrome, to be the largest in Europe.

He found the ideal spot at Ford, near Arundel, an old depot of the Royal Air Force. So Ford is to become the big aerodrome and aeroplane building centre, and Mr Ford, by building it, will give much-needed employment to thousands of British workmen.

A YOUNG MAN AGAINST THE WORLD

MEN of our island have led the world in the construction of the modern lighthouse, and the C.N. is delighted to record that a Nottingham architect, Mr J. L. Gleave, has at the age of 25 beaten the whole world in his design for the biggest lighthouse yet projected.

It was decided to erect a lighthouse in the Dominican Republic in honour of Columbus, who there first set foot on American soil.

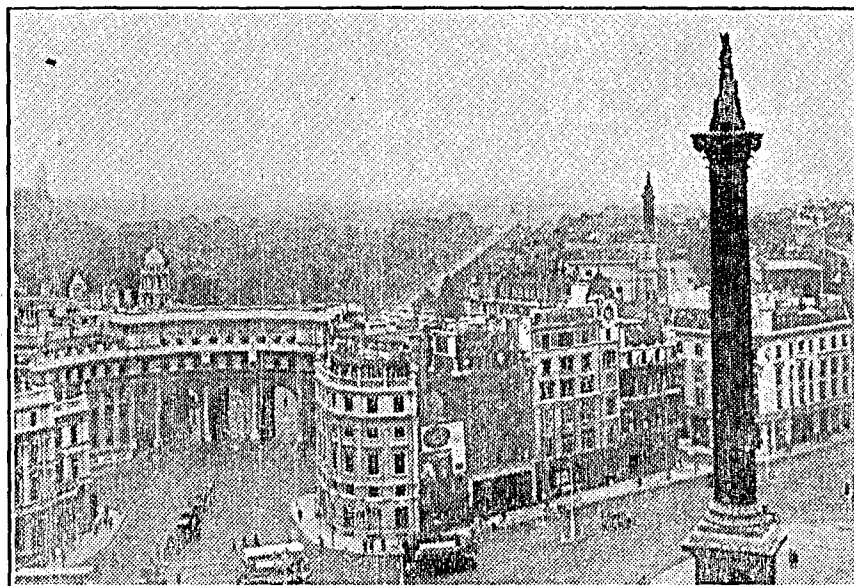
Designs were invited from the whole world, and the Pan-American Union offered a prize of £2000 to the successful candidate. Over 1000 architects from 56 countries entered for this competition. Mr Gleave's design was selected partly

because of its simple lines and partly because he had planned his lighthouse to withstand the earth quakes prevalent in that part of the world. The C.N. wishes Mr Gleave a happy time as he watches this creation of his brain take form on the shores of this island of the West Indies.

The lighthouse will stand on a terraced mound and tower 200 feet higher than St Paul's. Inside it will be a chapel large enough to hold the monument to Columbus now in the Cathedral of Santo Domingo, as well as a museum of his relics.

An air port is to be established at the base of the lighthouse.

TWO NEW VIEWS OF LONDON



The Admiralty Arch, the Mall, and St James's Park as Nelson sees them



The rebuilding that is going on at one of the corners of Trafalgar Square has afforded the opportunity for securing these new views of London. The photographer was hoisted in a large bucket by crane to a height about 150 feet above the streets.

THE MOMENT AND THE MAN

WE can think of few people we would rather have by us in an emergency than a London policeman.

Nothing is more assuring than to know that, whatever the quandary, a policeman will solve it.

When a car drove into a van in Lea Bridge Road the other day, jerking the driver off his seat and sending two frightened horses bolting toward a little crowd of traffic and people, several men did their best, but it was a policeman who was successful.

As the horses dashed past him he made a grab at the reins, hung on for a second, only to be flung on one side as they were jerked out of his hands. He got up and started a losing race with the van, and, just when it seemed

that neither he nor anyone else could stop the horses in time, a passing car gave him a lift on the footboard.

This time he was ready for the terrified animals. As he seized the reins he was pulled off his feet, but still he hung on.

At last his weight told. The horses slowed down, and another man was able to catch hold of their heads and stop them, only a few yards from the cross-roads and the crowd.

It was a very dusty and shaken policeman who pulled out his notebook and began to put down the facts, but no one who had not seen him a few moments before could have guessed that he was the hero of the incident he was now so calmly recording.

THE LEAGUE AND THE SHADOW OF WAR

JAPAN IN MANCHURIA

The Promise That Proved to Be Like a Pie-crust

A GREAT TEST CASE

The most miserable man in the world during most of October must surely have been Mr Yoshizawa of Japan. He stood alone at Geneva, facing the Powers that pressed for peace and knowing that his country was still making war.

The promises given in September to withdraw the invading troops from Manchuria proved to be merely pie-crust. Japan's friends all over the world were utterly depressed by her attitude. Not only was no withdrawal worth mentioning carried out, but further acts of war followed. A large town, undefended, was bombed from the air and no attempt was made to deny the fact. When this was known the League Council met again, in greater force than before, as M. Briand and Lord Reading were both able to be there as well as Signor Grandi.

America Represented

Session after session was held, sometimes private, sometimes public, in the effort to find some means Japan would accept for putting an end to this miserable state of affairs. But Japan refused to budge. In spite of having signed the League Covenant and the Kellogg Pact she persisted in her right still to practise the medieval method of going to war in her own interests.

One result of this refusal to comply with the Council's request was the presence at the table of the representative of the United States, though in this matter (a great departure for the League and one of high importance) Mr Yoshizawa also refused to yield. He did not want America there. But the American Government felt it much too risky to stay outside, and knocked at the door of the League asking to take part in the discussions as one of the authors of the Kellogg Pact. The Council gladly invited it to enter and Japan gave way.

First Trial of Strength

The American representative, therefore, took his place and received a very warm welcome. It was America's first attendance at an actual League meeting, and the event is one of much promise.

The League insisted on Japan's withdrawal from Manchuria, and before these words appear our gallant Eastern friends will in all probability have ended the crisis, which at the moment of writing assumes a menacing aspect and fills all lovers of peace with apprehension and anxiety. If the League should fail to make peace in Manchuria it will be the saddest news since it began; if it succeeds it will be the best, for it is the first trial of strength between the League and a Great Power in a crisis that is of world importance.

WORLD POLICE

International Force Proposed

A proposal has been put forward at an international conference that was held in Paris for forming a body of International World Police.

This is to be discussed more in detail at an international police congress next year. The organisation would be made up of responsible officials and representatives of all the Governments of the world, who would work together to combat the menace of international crime more effectively.

The man proposed for the first president of this group is Foreign Minister Johan Schober, of Austria.

50,000 ACRES FROM THE SEA

Holland is Growing

ADDING A TENTH TO HER SOIL

Fifty thousand acres of fertile soil which last year were under the sea have grown good crops for this year's harvest.

A year last February five wonderful pumps began work on the north-western part of the Zuyder Zee, that great bite which a greedy sea has taken out of Holland. They took 700,000 gallons of water every minute when they got into their stride, and in six months the shallow sea became land.

This is the first of four great plains of reclaimed soil to be won from the Zuyder Zee. It is a great scheme. The enormous dam which will eventually cut off this shallow sea from the North Sea is being rapidly constructed; it is hoped to finish it by the end of 1932.

The Great Dam

These four polders, as they are called, will form New Holland. When the whole scheme is completed, which may take 20 years or more, New Holland will add a tenth to Holland's existing arable soil. A canal will be made round the edge for shipping, which will widen into a small lake off Amsterdam. This city is outside the scheme, for its shipping approaches it up the canal from Ymuiden on the North Sea. The Zuyder will be but a shrunken waterway, and is to be called the IJssel Lake.

The part which has given its first year's crops was enclosed in dykes, one of which joined the island of Wieringen to the mainland.

The great dam will be a wonderful structure. It will have on it a path for cyclists, a motor-road, and a railway. It crosses 18 miles of open water, from Wieringen to IJerland. There are two groups of sluices and locks in it.

The Soil and the Crops

The reclaimed soil is a mixture of clay and sand, and presents a uniform grey hue. There are many machines at work upon the expanse, some digging out drainage canals. Not only has it to be drained but the salt extracted also; and where both these operations have progressed well rape seed and rye have been sown and harvested; 750 acres near Wieringen have produced good grain, and out of the first rye to be cut a loaf was made and sent to Queen Wilhelmina.

The first village is being built. Twelve houses and a post office are up already, and a postmaster appointed. He used to be in the Dutch Navy, and his post mark is Wieringermeer. It is hoped that the whole of the first polder will be cultivated by 1933; but it is proposed to suspend work on the new southern polders owing to the financial position of the country.

FAIRBOTTOM BOBS

A very old steam-engine, which helped to rick the corn and acted at other times as a scarecrow, rests today in Mr Henry Ford's museum at Dearborn, presented to him by the Earl of Stamford.

Fairbottom Boabs, as this engine is called, was a feeble old thing, a most primitive beam engine, its cylinder piston kept steamtight by throwing shovels of rubbish and water upon it every now and then (the modern steel piston ring had not been invented). When first erected the engine was used to pump water from a mine, but to do this it had to be helped by a water-wheel. The engine got its name from Fairbottom Farm in Ashton-under-Lyne, where it was built of wood, iron, and chains.

The fact of its beam bobbing up and down when at work made it very effective as a scarecrow in days when the birds had a more tranquil time of it. The engine had stood idle for a hundred years, half buried but almost intact.

THE BIGGEST TREE

Where Is It?

A CHANCE FOR C.N. CHILDREN

If you want to see the oldest ash tree in this country you must put on your stoutest brogues and tramp to Sanson Seal in Berwick.

This we learn from a report of the Berwick-on-Tweed Naturalists' Club centenary meeting held the other day.

Some declare that the Sanson Seal ash is the oldest in the world, but the Berwick naturalists are too cautious for that. Who can know every ash in every country under the Sun?

A man might make an enchanting pilgrimage round England going from one famous tree to another. There are yews from which bows were cut in medieval days, oaks under which courts of justice were held, ashes which marked ancient county boundaries. There is the Knightwood oak with a waist measurement of 21 feet, and the Canford Chestnut 1000 years old, and Monmouth's Ash, child of the tree in whose room it grows, marking the place in the ditch where the duke was caught.

Readers of the C.N. might make a wonderful history of great trees. *What is the finest tree in your neighbourhood?*

We will give ten shillings to the reader who sends us word of the biggest tree (measured round the trunk) in the next few weeks.

THE WONDER AS SMALL AS A WALNUT

A Princess of 3000 Years Ago

A tiny head, exquisitely carved in limestone and no bigger than a walnut, was the gem of the collection shown in London recently by the Egypt Exploration Society.

It is believed to be a likeness of the princess who became the wife of Tutankhamen, for it was found in the dust of that royal city of Tel-el-Amarna, built by Akhenaten and

left deserted less than 25 years later by his successor Tutankhamen, never again to be inhabited.

That this small soft stone should have retained the portrait seems incredible, yet it is today almost as perfect as when the last touch was put to it by the cunning hand of its carver 3000 years ago.

A NEW MATERIAL Canada Creates Another Industry

Seeing that buttons are made out of compressed milk and artificial silk out of glass it is perhaps not as surprising as it might have been 20 years ago to hear that wool is being made out of rock.

True, it cannot be used to make cloth, for its composition is too glassy to be suitable for spinning. But this new wool, which is to be produced in Canada, is excellent for insulation purposes, for filters, for the packing of corrosive materials, and for the heat-proofing of the walls and roofs of houses, into which it is blown into air spaces through small holes by means of small air compressors.

This mineral wool is made of a mixture of limestone and rock such as is to be found at Niagara. Alternate layers of rock and coke go into the furnaces of the factory and come out in thin streams of molten rock. This is met by a blast of high-pressure steam or air and blown into long, fine fibres.

Canada is now undertaking the production of the new material in large quantities, and wool-lined houses are becoming quite popular.



The carved head

A LADY HAS HER WAY

The Right Man in the Right Place

CLOSING 322 PRISONS

We hear good news of a lady in Spain. She is Señorita Victoria Kent, whom the Republic made director of 164 prisons.

The new minister wished to improve the food given to convicts and to lads in reformatories.

"A charming idea, dear lady," said some people, "but there is not enough money, you see. Impossible to spend money that is not there. In England they have been spending money that did not exist, and look at the result!"

"Let me see the prison statistics," said the lady, unconvinced.

The tiresome woman called for a full and exact account of all the prisons in Spain. Such a thing had not been produced since 1834. It was not producible in 1931. But the lady did not rest till she had discovered that there were 437 small prisons in Spain, most of them usually empty. Of these she closed 322, and at once the expenses of her department were cut down by one-ninth. The money thus saved will be devoted to improving the prisons and reformatories that remain.

If you want a perfect example of the right man in the right place, here he is, and he is a woman!

THIS HONEST WORLD

We have given many stories of people who trust the world; here is another, told by a Norfolk correspondent of the Morning Post.

A few years ago I took my watch to a jeweller in a country town in Norfolk. I was not a customer, but he knew my name and promised to have it ready for me at 2 p.m. At 1.30 I looked in, on the chance of its being done. No one was in the shop, but behind the counter, on a baize-covered shelf, were lying my gold watch and sundry silver and gun-metal ones arranged in a row.

I took away mine, returning at two o'clock to pay the bill. The jeweller's daughter explained that when they went to dinner they always laid out the watches that were repaired so that the owners could come and get them.

"Does anyone ever take one that isn't his?" I asked.

The young woman looked at me reproachfully. "Never," she said, "and my father has done this for many years."

This sounds like the bracelets of King Alfred, but it is true.

THE NEW STAGE SCENE

The opera season at Cologne has opened with the use of a novel device.

The scenery consists of pictures projected like lantern slides. Three projectors are used, from a bridge 40 feet above the stage, and the scene is thrown in three sections on to a semi-circular horizon.

Endless experiment has been necessary to get the scenes accurately transferred to the slides and so to join the sections on the stage screen that the picture is a perfect whole. So well was it done that even spectators in the stalls were unaware that the massive pillars and masonry of the temple in Aida were no more than a screened picture.

ANOTHER GREAT AIRSHIP

The new German Zeppelin now being built at Friedrichshafen will beat the Graf Zeppelin in size.

Over 800 feet long, with a diameter of 135 feet, and four Diesel motors to drive it, it will contain cabins for the accommodation of fifty passengers.

The once dreaded Zeppelin has become as peace-loving as a great liner, for in travel lies one of the hopes of the world.

FOUR LITTLE BEASTS ACROSS THE WORLD

The Tasmanian Devil

LADY WHO KEPT HIM AND TAMED HIM

The other day Peter Puck thought he had gone mad.

He was glancing over the papers when his eyes were caught by this sentence: "The late Mrs Roberts of Hobart Town kept devils and bred them in her garden, and found that they became tame and friendly."

He seemed to be switched back to the medieval bestiaries, those grave delightful books with minute descriptions of unicorns, gryphons, sea serpents, mermaids, and mandrakes. He seemed to stand on the Brocken with Faust. He felt as if he had stepped into that painting by Lorenzo Monaco which shows an imp plucking at a monk's robe to turn his thoughts from prayer.

White Faces and Ferocious Jaws

Imagine his chagrin when he discovered that the devils referred to were carnivorous marsupials, like small cats, black and shaggy, with white faces and ferocious jaws. Marsupials carry their young in a pouch, and in this the savage devils resemble their big, gentle, grass-eating cousin the kangaroo.

Tasmanian devil is the full name for them, and four have just arrived at the Zoo. Tasmania is delighted to think they are across the seas, for they make fearful raids on chicken-runs, and are not a bit afraid of dogs.

They live in burrows, and seem to spit and quarrel as much underground as London cats do on the roofs. Altogether they are very unpopular on their native heath.

Only the late Mrs Roberts found them "tame and friendly."

OLD ENGLAND'S FRIENDS IN NEED

The Givers Carry On

There is no sign that the appetite for giving is diminishing.

More and more cheerful givers are sparing something for the nation. Kent, the Gateway of England, is opening the gate wider to let the contributions pass. At Benzett, a rural parish in Romney Marshes, the women of the village institute have started a shilling fund. It is rolling on.

It is the people who best know the value of a shilling who are most willing to sacrifice it. One letter which enclosed a cheque for £500 for the Chancellor of the Exchequer was from an Essex man who started life some 50 years ago at a wage of six shillings a week.

Proud of His Thrift

He was one of a large family (he must have had a good mother) and he has never been out of work since he began (he must be a good workman). He prides himself on his thrift, but, is proudest of it because it has enabled him in his hardworking life to give a helping hand here and there, and now he can stretch it out to Old England.

There is an officer who was in the army, but has been retired with a wound pension. He has written to the Army Council giving the pension up till better times come for his country.

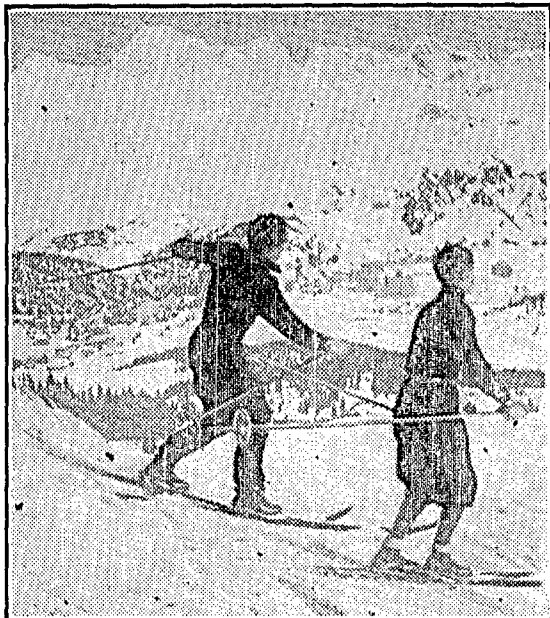
But we should be wrong in declaring that this kind of generosity is confined to any one class of people. A firm of army contractors has written to say it in view of the country's need it wishes to reduce the rates to be paid to it for its goods during the next three months. The firm does not disclose its name, though we learn that it had a good deal of competition in securing its contract. If everybody acted in the same spirit the country's difficulties would be on the way to disappearing before the three months are gone.

November 7, 1981

The Children's Newspaper

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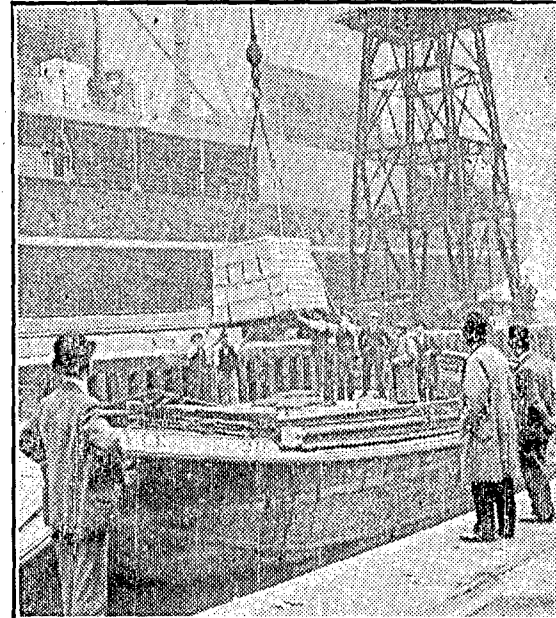
SKI-ING IN LONDON · CALIGULA'S GALLEY · A FLYING VISIT



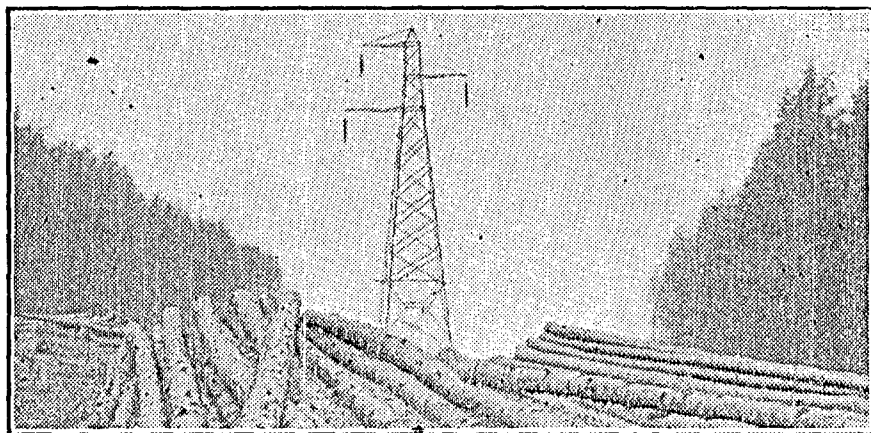
Ski-ing in London—It might easily be thought that this photograph was taken on an Alpine slope in Switzerland, but actually it is a scene in a Piccadilly Circus store.



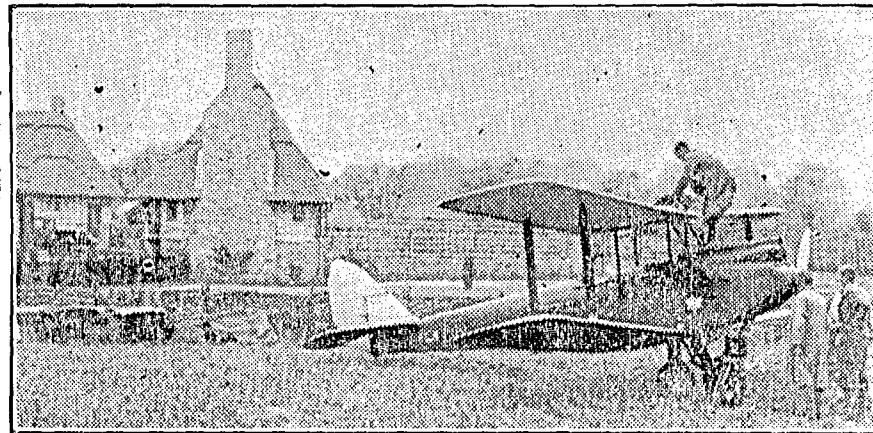
A Milk Diet—Andy, a young walrus at the London Zoo, is being brought up on the bottle. He much prefers milk to the minced fish and other soft foods that were lately offered to him.



Eggs From Australia—Five million eggs, one of the biggest consignments ever brought to this country from Australia, were unloaded at the London Docks the other day.



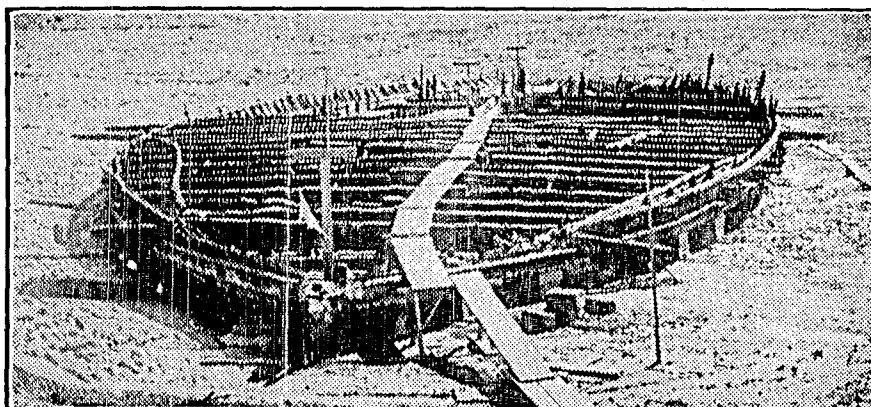
The Price of Progress—It was necessary to sacrifice hundreds of trees to make way for over-head electric cables linking-up Tunbridge Wells with the new power station at Three Bridges.



A Flying Visit—The other day a plane came down in a field near by and taxied across to the charming petrol station at Benson, near Oxford, where it was supplied with petrol.



Posing For Their Portraits—Nine ducks at a poultry farm at Welwyn in Hertfordshire stand on a wall to have their photograph taken with their friends.



Caligula's Galley—After many months of labour, which involved draining Lake Nemi again, the second of Caligula's galleys has been revealed. This picture shows it on the bed of the lake.



All Together—These horses at a riding school near Swindon appear to be enjoying their morning exercise over the hurdles every bit as much as the riders.

BEAUTY FROM BETHNAL GREEN PAINTED IN HOURS OF HARD-WON LEISURE Artist Butchers, Bakers, and Candlestick-Makers IN THE REYNOLDS LINE

The artists of Bethnal Green have made a big step forward.

They have been holding a picture exhibition of their own in the West End of London.

At Foyle's Art Gallery nearly 150 pictures and several excellent plaster casts, the work of East End artists from 17 to 20, have been on view.

Nearly all the pictures were the result of hard-won leisure, and many would never have been painted if the artists had not put up a grim fight against circumstances such as small, overcrowded homes and family opposition.

Watchmaker's Landscapes

A tramp, a crippled window-cleaner, a milkman, a boxer, and a railway timekeeper were among the exhibitors. In the landscapes shown by a watchmaker there is much of the minute detail one might expect from one engrossed for a lifetime with the Lilliputian works that make watches go.

Another versatile exhibitor, who showed flower pictures and sea scenes, once served before the mast in a windjammer. He always took a sketch-book with him on his voyages. In recalling his experiences he says: "The utter physical wretchedness of life in a sailing ship's half-deck in Cape Horn weather certainly did not encourage the romantic spirit in me, but the grandeur of great ocean waves did stir my desire to paint."

An Old-Fashioned Shop

Beauty in Bethnal Green was discovered by more than a few of these artist butchers, bakers, and candlestick-makers. One picture was of a street corner with an old-fashioned shop and a tree behind it bathed in soft light. We were reminded that there is a glamour in the East End not to be found in respectable South Kensington.

Mysterious Eastern faces looked down from the walls of the Art Gallery. A portrait of a Lascar reflected something of the romance of Dockland. There were Bethnal Green faces too. Will He Ever Get Work? by the tramp artist, showed the half-humorous, half-hopeless expression of a charwoman who by her own never-ceasing work manages to keep the home together.

In the Portrait of an East End Boy we could read the half-conscious aspirations for making something better out of life in spite of hard, uncompromising surroundings. Another artist showed harmonies of colour in a washing-day scene with washtubs and clothes hung up to dry in the living-room.

Working Under Difficulties

Some of the best work was by the impressionist, who managed to convey something of the strength of the water and the immensity of the spaces of the Earth to which the Thames is leading as it swirls beneath Waterloo Bridge. And one could almost breathe the wet freshness of the air in his picture of the Pile Drivers.

Instead of standing idle during nearly a year of unemployment a cabinet-maker's assistant, one of the exhibitors, worked so hard during these depressing months at his hobby of painting that he won a Slade scholarship. Only lately he has been awarded another one by the Central School of Arts and Crafts. One of the drawings with which he won the first scholarship, so

AN OLD WIFE'S TALE MRS BURT OF FULHAM The Stirring Story of a Centenarian's Life TRIALS IN MANY LANDS

There could hardly have been a fuller life than that which was lived by the Old Lady of Fulham.

Fulham was proud of her, for old Mrs Burt had passed her rooth year. She was a child of seven when the Victorian Era began.

But her adventures had begun before that. When she was a baby of three years old kidnappers carried off her twin sister and herself in open daylight in the streets of the sedate city of Bath. The Town Crier was sent out to proclaim a reward for the children, and then, the evildoers becoming afraid, the little ones were released and found their way home again.

Revolution

But our young lady was destined for adventure as the sparks fly upward. As a girl she was sent to a convent school in Paris. There she was when the February revolution of 1848 broke out. The Communists threw up barricades; the Tuileries were ransacked; the prisons were thrown open.

The brave Sister Superior of the Convent took the young girl on a boat down the Seine to Havre, and there placed her on a fishing-smack bound for England.

But there she stopped only a few months before going to Brazil, where she met her future husband, Dr Burt. She was only a girl when she married him.

With Dr Burt she went to the Crimea when war broke out between England, France, and Russia. There her first child was born. She was tended by Florence Nightingale.

Round Cape Horn

Adventure still pursued her. She went with her husband back to South America, and the two sought a home in Chile. But after being there some years, and experiencing several insurrections, she found herself in Valparaiso when the Spaniards bombarded it. She was put in a sailing-ship with another woman, and when rounding Cape Horn was overtaken by a storm that almost sank the windjammer.

The two women took turns with the crew to hold the binnacle lantern over the compass. That was more than sixty years ago. The ship reached England in safety, and then Mrs Burt found peaceful haven.

No more trials or tribulations overtook her, and when she passed away in Fernshaw Road the other day all her four children, themselves rather elderly men and women, were with her.

Continued from the previous column

he tells us, was a self-portrait done in the face of great opposition at home. He worked in a tiny room almost crowded out by the sticks he had set up as an impromptu easel. His brothers and sisters were continually tripping over it. When they were all at home, every few minutes somebody would push him aside, for the mirror he was using was wanted for titivating by the wage-earning, and therefore more important, members of the family.

Mr Arthur Sabin, of the Bethnal Green Museum, seems to have been the moving spirit of the exhibition, and in the catalogue he reminds us that while Sir Joshua Reynolds was painting portraits of duchesses in Leicester Square the inhabitants of Bethnal Green were weaving lovely brocades and figured silks so that these duchesses might array themselves magnificently.

Now, it appears, Bethnal Green is in line with the great tradition of Sir Joshua himself.

THIS MAD WORLD A TRADE OBJECT-LESSON Coal Wanted Yet Coal Unsold and Miners Idle GREAT OPPORTUNITY FOR BRAINS

The world just now is full of the most striking object-lessons in the incompetence of human arrangements for human welfare. Among the most prominent is the case of coal.

The greatest coal-producing countries of Europe have many unemployed miners. In Britain the number is 330,000. In Germany it is also very great. Thus we have an army of potential coal-producers who are not producing coal because their product cannot be sold.

Russia's Need

In Russia, however, there is a tremendous shortage of coal. Russia has coalmines and she is working them to the best of her ability, but technically she is still far behind and cannot develop her fuel as quickly as she needs to do. It also happens that, owing to the development of the Russian Five-Year Plan, which is rapidly building factories, mills, workshops, railways, and power houses, Russia calls for an enormous quantity of fuel.

So we see England and Germany anxious to sell coal and Russia anxious to buy it. So we have two needs which match each other. Unfortunately, however, Russia has exhausted her power to export to pay for coal. She exports all she can of her produce, but prices are low and she has not the means to get the coal she needs.

Faults in World Economy

Moscow is so short of fuel that the authorities are destroying hundreds of thousands of independent stoves and substituting central heating from power stations to save fuel.

It is feared, however, that this will only remedy a trifling part of the great shortage of fuel all over Russia.

It is unfortunate that conditions of confidence and credit cannot be established by virtue of which the unemployed miners of England and Germany might be rendered busy and happy in supplying the needs of Russia. These are the problems the world has now to face. It is only lack of organisation and credit which prevents us from finding a solution of such obvious faults in world economy.

We may add that even within our own country imperfect exchange is also operating. Soon the cold days will find millions lacking enough fuel while an army of miners begs vainly to be allowed to get coal.

AMONG HIS DREAMS

The Bishop's Monument in the Cathedral

In the great cathedral of Liverpool has just been set up the marble memorial to its first bishop.

Other English cathedrals (Canterbury, Winchester, Durham, and the rest) have their marble tombs and effigies of the great ecclesiastics who made their history. This monument at Liverpool to Bishop Chavasse is to a saintly man of our own time.

He dreamed of the splendid fane which should live after him. He helped to plan it. He did not live to see it rise in its completed glory, for he died three years ago, after being Bishop of Liverpool from 1900 till 1923.

The memorial to him, in which he kneels at prayer before a faldstool where rests an open Bible, records his episcopate, his life, and his death.

It cannot record all he was and did, but the cathedral itself, part of which he lived to see finished, is and will remain his greater monument.

ALLIGATOR MEETS HIS MATCH

GEORGE AND HORATIO How the Tortoise Won His Splendid Victory

AN ENTERTAINING NEWCOMER

By Our Zoo Correspondent

George, the Zoo's large centenarian alligator, is suffering from a bad attack of sulks and depression.

Until lately he had the reputation of being the terror of the Reptile House and the most accomplished fighter in the menagerie, for George had killed two alligators and a crocodile and been the unscathed victor of innumerable battles. But now the championship has been taken from him by a giant water tortoise from Malaya.

Solitary Confinement

After he had committed his third crime George was sentenced to solitary confinement, but the tortoise (Horatio) became his housemate because he, too, had won too much distinction in the battlefield. Owing to a shortage of suitable ponds Horatio could not be provided with a den to himself when he arrived at the Zoo some weeks ago, so he was asked to share a home with some smallish alligators and crocodiles.

The result was that within a couple of hours Horatio was in complete possession of the pond and his companions were huddled together on the banks in a state of terror. The water tortoise was at once removed to a pond occupied by several medium-sized crocodiles; but again he snapped at his housemates.

Once more Horatio was moved, and this time he was introduced to largish crocodiles and alligators, but he managed to terrify them in the same manner. So he was then placed in George's domain.

Horatio's Masterly Tactics

George was in good form and, opening his jaws aggressively, he advanced to meet the intruder. But the tortoise simply withdrew into his thick shell, and although the alligator spent the following three weeks trying to dispose of his new companion he never managed to get his teeth into any part of Horatio but his shell.

Then Horatio began his tactics. Day after day he nibbled and snapped at the alligator's feet until at length they became so raw and sore that George was forced to leave the pond and remained on the banks until the keeper took pity on him and removed Horatio.

Soon after the tortoise's victorious departure a crocodile in a neighbouring enclosure managed to scramble over the barrier into George's home.

George quickly recovered his spirits and forgot his painful toes; he snapped his jaws and drove the visitor into a precarious position on the edge of the pond. But just as George was waiting with wide-open mouth for the collapse of his victim the keeper intervened.

The Crying Frog

Zoo visitors who go to the Reptile House either to commiserate with George or to congratulate Horatio should interview a most entertaining newcomer in a ridged esculant (or crying frog) from Brazil, which behaves and looks like the clockwork toys sold by street vendors.

The frog is a large species beautifully camouflaged in brown with broad green markings, and when angry he inflates his body until he seems to be made of indiarubber. As he is exceedingly bad tempered the frog is often angry, and if the keeper lifts him out of his den and places him on the floor the reptile blows himself out, gives a little hop, and opens his mouth wide to squeak loudly. Each time he is prodded gently he repeats this performance, and as his anger ceases his body deflates and his cries die down just as though he needed winding up.

LOOK FOR VENUS

WHERE TO SEE HER IN THE EVENING SKY

Next Week's Display of Leonid Meteors

FRAGMENTS OF A COMET

By the C.N. Astronomer

Venus is now to be seen in the evening sky soon after sunset. But she is very low down, and only visible where there is a clear view to the south-west horizon.

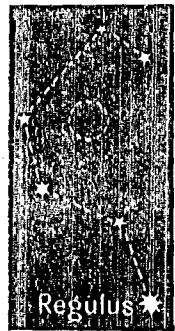
On Wednesday and Thursday the slender crescent of the Moon, some way to the left of Venus, will be a clear guide to the position of the planet.

On Thursday the Moon will be much farther to the left, and at a higher altitude, but on either evening, if an imaginary line be drawn from the Moon to where the Sun has set some twenty minutes before, Venus will be found very near it.

She will not be conspicuous in the early twilight, and it will be possible to observe her for but a short time just now, as she sets only 40 minutes after the Sun.

As Venus is rapidly approaching the Earth she will get brighter and rise higher in the evening sky until, in a few weeks' time, she will be a lovely object exceeding Jupiter in brilliance.

At the latter part of next week on the nights of November 13, 14, 15, and 16, some fragments of the famous Tempel's Comet of the year 1866 may be seen to flash across the sky in the form of meteors.



The Sickle of Leo, the circle showing the radiant from which the Leonids appear to come

These are the well-known Leonids, so called because they appear to come from a point in the constellation of Leo. But Leo does not rise till nearly midnight, so it will not be until then that there is any probability of seeing the meteors.

At that time of night they will appear to come from low down in the East, but as the night advances the chance of seeing many more of them increase until, by early morning, say about 5 o'clock, the greatest number are likely to be observed. Then Leo is due south and high up in the heavens.

As there will be no Moon late at night this will be a very favourable opportunity for seeing the meteors if only the densest part of the swarm happens to occur when it is night on our side of the Earth.

Last Year's Display

Last year the greatest number of Leonids were seen on the night of November 16, when some observers in America, where it was fine, counted them at the rate of about 100 an hour notwithstanding the presence of moonlight. Last year's display was noteworthy for the large number of exceptionally brilliant meteors resembling fireballs.

Provided that the weather is clear and fine, a good display, even better than last year's, is probable this month, particularly as we are now approaching the period of maximum display, when our world is expected to pass near to or through the nucleus of the meteor stream and destroy several millions of Leonids in her atmosphere.

This, it is anticipated, will occur in the year 1933 or 1934, as in 1799, 1833, and 1866, the previous years of great displays of Leonids. The year 1899 was disappointing, but a good many were seen in 1901, when the meteors appear to have arrived late.

Thus does the residue of that comet of 1866 diminish by being periodically burned up and converted into dust and vapour by our world's atmosphere, and so becoming part of the Earth. G. F. M.

C. L. N.

Little Peacemakers

CHILDREN OF 25 NATIONS

WRITING TO EACH OTHER

Number of Members—28,997

A keen representative of the League of Nations Union has been on a visit to Yugo-Slavia, with the result that many boys and girls of that country who had not heard of the C.L.N. have become interested and wish to join.

These children had already been helping the League of Nations, for they belong to the Junior Red Cross Society, which offers prizes for the best essay on the League and Peace. Last year hundreds of thousands of essays were submitted by Slav children on the subject of What Can I do for World Peace? We can see that they will make the right kind of C.L.N. members.

Wonderful Headway

Since 1921 another peacemaking association, La Correspondance Scolaire Internationale, with headquarters at Paris, has made wonderful headway. In that year 8300 French boys and girls corresponded with foreign children, and in 1930 the number had reached over 43,000. This means that about 87,000 boys and girls of 25 nations are regularly writing to each other and learning each other's languages. Nearly all have been helped by these letters in their language classes at school, which have become far more interesting to them.

One of these correspondents, an Italian boy, used to dislike French exercises, but he now says that he enjoys learning French and writing letters to his French friend.

The C.L.N. combines many kinds of work done for peace by societies of this kind, including correspondence between children of many nations, and by becoming a member any boy or girl can add a little to the influence always going on in the world for friendship and happiness and prosperity.

How to Join the League

All letters should be addressed:

Children's League of Nations,
15, Grosvenor Crescent,
London, S.W.1.

No letters should be sent to the C.N. office.



The C.L.N. Badge

With each application for membership should be sent sixpence in stamps for the card and badge. Please give your name and address, birthday and year, and the name of your school.

Story for C.L.N. Members

Treason Forgiven—page one

C.N. QUESTION BOX

Questions must be asked on postcards: one question on each card, with name and address.

Do Bats Build Nests?

No; the young hold on to the mother, who carries them about when in flight, and her capacious wings form a comfortable cradle for the baby bats.

Has the Great Pyramid Ever Been Higher Than It Is Today?

Yes; the limestone casing of its sides and the cap were removed for later building purposes. It was originally 481 feet in height.

Why is the South African Football Team Called the Springboks?

It is so called after the Dutch name for the graceful gazelle of South Africa, an animal famous for its agility and speed.

What is the Origin of Cockades and Who May Now Wear Them?

These ribbons and rosettes were emblems of soldiers and parties in the 17th and 18th centuries. The word first occurs in the 16th century, and the troops of Louis XIII first wore cockades. Though custom limits their use to holders of offices of dignity, no law prohibits their use, and anybody's coachman may don a cockade.

WALKING WITHOUT LOOKING

A Constant Peril of the Road

HOW 112 LIVES WERE LOST

London's traffic continues to exact an increasing toll of life and limb.

It is hard to discern any alleviation in this depressing record, or to see when and how the loss will diminish. Motor-traffic is a hard fact from which there is no escape. Every thinking man must seek to find a way out of it.

The motors are chiefly blamed, but all the blame does not rest on them. A big share of it must rest on those who act and walk as if there were no motors.

Out of the number of those who lost their lives in the London area in the June quarter of this year 112 crossed the road without due care.

The Jay Walkers

These are the people who have been labelled Jay Walkers, a piece of slang of which the C.N. does not approve, but which very well expresses the mode of progress of those who will not look where they walk, though the highway may be more full of danger than a railway track.

Such people are the curse of the road. The motorist often cannot avoid them, however hard he tries, and often imperils his own life and other lives when he tries.

It seems at first sight reasonable to exonerate the most careless walker of blame, because he cannot, at any rate, injure the car. But he can injure its driver, and the roll of accidents will never sensibly diminish unless he exercises more care. The walker must learn to protect himself.

BRITISH BRAZIL

How They Sell the Oranges

The other day a lady went into a big fruit shop.

Newspapers had impressed upon her that it was her duty to buy British goods and thus lessen unemployment, so she was delighted to see a pile of oranges marked Empire.

"I'll have a dozen of those, please," she said. While the man was wrapping them up she wondered in what corner of the Empire her oranges had hung "like golden lamps in a green night," as Marvell would have said.

"Where do they come from?" she asked.

The man replied "Brazil."

"That is not in the Empire," she remonstrated.

"Oh, Empire is the name we give them," said the man airily.

WHO WAS PTOLEMY?

Born and died at Alexandria, 2nd century A.D.

Although he borrowed more from the works of Hipparchus than he acknowledged, he was the author of much important independent discovery in astronomy and optics. With the scanty data at his disposal he came to the conclusion that the Earth was the centre of the Universe, with the heavenly bodies revolving round it.

His theories held good until the system of Copernicus upset them.

As a geographer he filled an important place. His calculations were often erroneous, but considering the meagre character of his information they were remarkably good guesses. One respect in which he was at fault was in his estimate of the circumference of the globe. Columbus, basing his calculations on Ptolemy's works, supposed the distance from the western coast of America to the eastern coast of Asia to be one-third less than is actually the case, and in that belief was encouraged to attempt the voyage which led him to the discovery of America.

Smiles for breakfast



JACKIE is generally first, but then he's got longer legs, says Joan. He likes his Puffed Wheat, and is always eager to begin. There's a big plate this morning to be polished off, but watch Jackie do it.



JOAN tells Jackie he should like Puffed Rice best, so that there is more Puffed Wheat for her. Jackie replies that he "likes 'em both." Sentiments which Mother approves, for there is nothing nicer, nothing more nourishing.

Puffed grains are so 'different.' They have a delicious crunchiness like no other cereal. 'Puffing' makes them so completely digestible, equal in nourishment value to a hot cooked cereal.

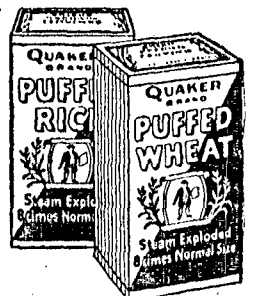
Ready to serve from the packet, they provide a tempting, delicious meal for the whole family... their goodness is only equalled by their appetising flavour.

Some prefer Puffed Rice, others Puffed Wheat; what of your family?

Try both, for the price of one.

FREE PACKET COUPON

Take this coupon to any grocer.



This certifies that my grocer has given me a full-sized packet of both Quaker Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice for 8d. I have not used a similar coupon before.

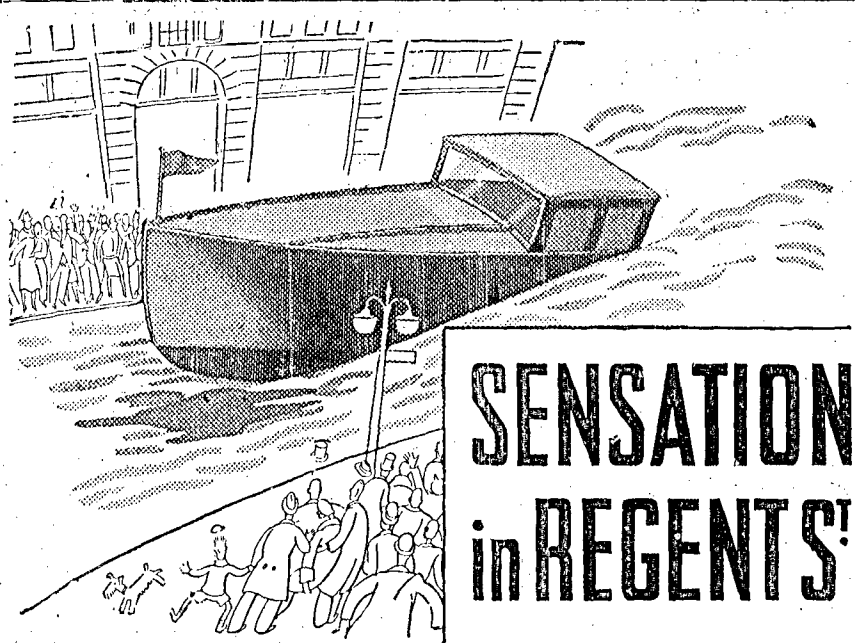
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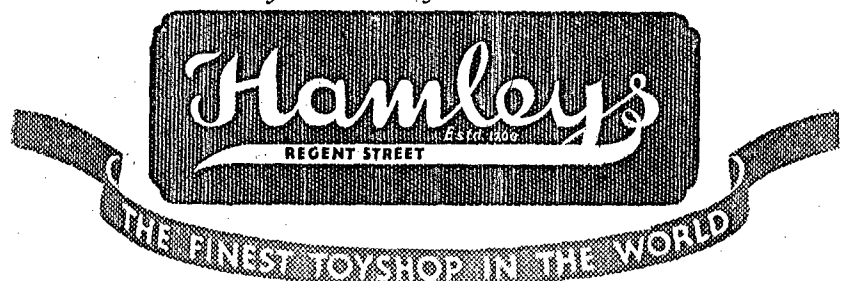
To the Grocer

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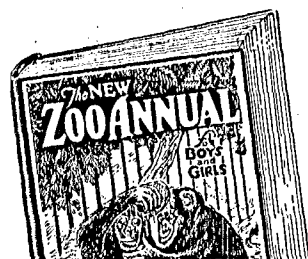


Here she comes. A speed boat out to beat all records on the giant pond at Hamleys' in Regent Street. See her sharp prow swooping through the spray! What glorious lines—and, heavens, what a speed! She's gone—swallowed up in a trail of gleaming wash. And behind her looms the grey form of a battleship, stately, grim, correct in every detail—guns—wireless—chart room and everything. There are craft of all descriptions on Hamleys' pond. Fascinating, life-like models that you really must bring the children to see. Whichever way you turn at Hamleys' there's something new, some thrilling surprise. There was never a toyshop like it. Working models—acrobats—toys—books—wonderful fancy dresses—thousands of novelties. And a free balloon is given with every purchase.

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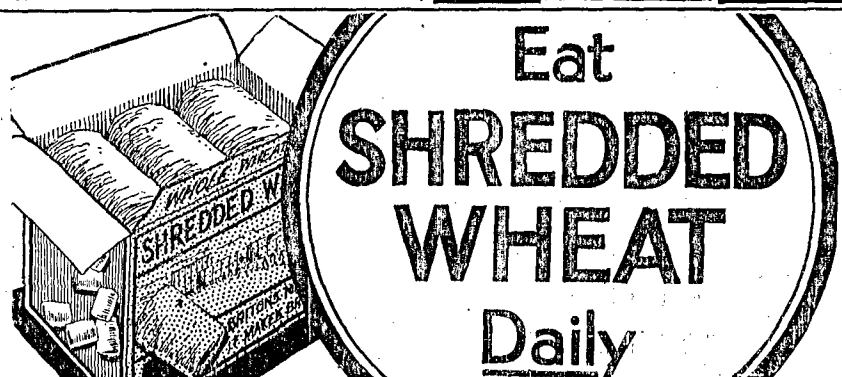
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THE SPIRIT OF THE BRAVE

Heroic Life of Sir Reginald Hart

V.C. OF 50 YEARS AGO

An old friend who for years has read our papers is lost to the C.N. in Sir Reginald Hart, V.C. He was one of the bravest men who ever lived.

Many years full of honour were his, but, long as his life was, he never hesitated to risk it to save the life of another. The Victoria Cross he won over fifty years ago was awarded him for such a deed.

He was then a young engineer officer in the force Lord Roberts led through Afghanistan to Kandahar.

In the Khyber Pass a party of native cavalry were ambushed and rushed by the hill tribesmen. Young Hart, with his detachment, was behind, and without a moment's thought he rushed single-handed into the fray and stood over one of the riders who had been cut down. He drove off the Afghans and brought the man back into safety.

The True British Soldier

When the Afghan War was over he went with Wolseley to Ashanti, but the troublous North-West Frontier of India was his chosen field, and there till the 20th century came this fine old Victorian stayed and won increasing honour and esteem.

He was indeed brave, but not only in the heat of conflict. When a young man of 21 he was in France, and there he rescued a Frenchman from certain death in such circumstances that he gained a silver medal from the Royal Humane Society, while the French Government presented him with a medal of honour.

A quarter of a century later a clasp was added to his first medal by the Royal Humane Society, for he saved another man from drowning. An artilleryman was sinking in the muddy waters of the Ganges Canal near Roorkee when Colonel Hart jumped in and brought him safe to land.

Simple, kindly, courteous, it might have been said of this fine old gentleman that he was "as gentle as mercy, as fortitude brave," and that is the true British soldier.

CALLING IN THE ENGINEER

A Hospital Puzzle

For once the surgeons at a famous hospital were at a loss.

The patient had allowed a steel ring to slip round part of his body. The limb had swollen. The ring could not be slipped off. It could not be cut through.

When he was admitted to the hospital efforts were made to reduce the swelling of the limb by cold compresses. But it was too late. The swelling would not go down.

Then the surgeons, never too proud to take advice, called in the engineer of the hospital to suggest a way in which the steel fetter could be cut through.

The practical man thought he saw a way. He advised cutting through the steel with a wheel of the material carborundum, which is as hard as a diamond. The wheel when used for cutting is driven by an electric motor.

It was done. When the wheel is run at high speed great heat is generated. To protect the limb from it asbestos was packed all round the ring and a jet of water was played on it.

Even then it was a ticklish operation, and the patient was given an anaesthetic. But in 50 minutes the wheel cut through the ring in two places and the limb was freed at last.

The surgeons afterwards paid a high tribute to the skill of the engineer called in. The patient's skin was not even injured.

THE DISASTER OF MEUSE VALLEY

THE BLACK CLOUD OF FOG

Important Result of the Long Inquiry

FATAL FACTORY CHIMNEYS

Winter's fogs are not yet on us in their full severity. When they come we shall do well to recall what happened a year ago in the valley of the Meuse.

In that pleasantly-named region are many factories which pour out into the air much unpleasant smoke and fumes from their chimneys. The smoke, like that of London's or Manchester's chimneys, is charged with sulphur.

On one day last December a heavy fog hung in the valley, so dense and still that the fumes from the chimneys went straight up and straight down again. It choked people in the neighbourhood of Engis, and 60 people died.

This fearful occurrence awakened the public conscience. An inquiry was held, and the cause of death was fixed on the fumes of the factory chimneys.

Battersea's Good Example

It has now been decided that every factory must be equipped with the most modern apparatus for preventing the sulphurous gases from escaping into the air. It is to be hoped that this law will not become a dead letter. It goes to the root of the trouble, but only by the most rigorous application can it be made effective.

We have the same trouble in England. Both in London and in Manchester and in some other Lancashire towns the medical officers of health have no difficulty in showing that, though such catastrophes as those in the Meuse Valley are absent, the loss of health and the shortening of life in cities by the sulphurous mists and fogs of towns in winter is very great.

At the new power station now being built at Battersea, which is to have eight chimneys, most elaborate devices are to be installed to "wash" the gases and fumes of the chimneys before allowing them to escape over Battersea, Westminster, and Pimlico.

But at other factory chimneys, of which there are many, no such measures exist. The cost of installing them is great. The law about their escaping smoke is of very little use.

Every year we suffer, and if we had a really foggy winter we might then be induced to take warning, and advice, from the Meuse.

FOREIGN GOODS

See Them and Learn

The great retail shops, including Harrods and Debenhams and Whiteleys, have joined in promoting a deeply interesting exhibition which should be of the greatest service to British trade.

The firms mentioned, with other great houses, have formed an Association of Retail Distributors, and under its auspices Shoolbred's old shop in Tottenham Court Road has been taken to exhibit successful foreign goods which are freely sold here, either because of price or of quality.

No country is safe in supposing that all its goods are superior to those of other countries. Those who have been about the world know that each country has its special aptitudes for manufactures, and something to teach other nations.

Therefore this show is of the greatest value to British manufacturers, because it shows them in what articles the foreign manufacturer is doing particularly well. Only those who are too clever to learn should neglect this important exhibition, which should assist our people to make headway in a large variety of goods. The exhibition was opened by the President of the Board of Trade.

SUCH A LITTLE FELLOW

BUT VERY GOOD AT HIS WORK

Tale of a Flag Day in the Streets of Budapest

THE SPIRIT THAT COUNTS

By Our Hungary Correspondent

It was a day of sudden showers and blustering winds in Budapest.

Also it was one of those days when toll is being levied on all passers-by for the benefit of some charity. This time it was for poor and crippled children.

At every street corner stood a table with a large red parasol spread over it, and at every table a patient, shivering lady sat guarding the funds collected and brought to her by her company of smartly-mackintoshed young women.

A Barefooted Urchin

Disconsolately, now and then, the smartly-mackintoshed young women walked back to their headquarters to show how slowly their money-boxes were filling. It surprised them that when they stooped to beg for a good cause the results should be so meagre.

But there was one table to which a well-filled box was brought every hour or so. And brought, not by a pretty and smartly-clothed damsel but by a barefooted urchin of twelve. He was not even a good-looking urchin; his little face was pinched and pale, his eyes lay deep in their sockets, and the hands protruding from his outgrown and much-patched jacket were red and chapped. But the smile with which he placed his spoils on the table and begged for another box to fill was so radiant and happy that while it lasted you saw nothing else about him.

Tireless and Fearless

A visitor to that table asked with some curiosity who and what he was?

"A charity school boy," she was told. "His mother is a charwoman, his father fell in the war. Three years ago he offered to help us collect, and he has never failed to turn up since whenever we have wanted him. He is the best worker we have—absolutely tireless and fearless—jumping on to moving taxis, boarding motor-buses, diving underground to meet the tube trains. You see the results. He collects ten times as much as any one of the others."

"And don't imagine he does it for personal gain. We have offered to pay him for his work, but he refused to take anything. The only thing he did accept once was a pair of old boots. But he will not wear them yet, as you see; he says he is keeping them for the winter."

When, a little while later, the boy drifted past them the visitor beckoned him to her.

The Two Gifts

"Look!" she said. "Here is something for your box. And here (she held out another coin) is something for yourself to buy what you want."

"Thank you!" cried the boy gladly at the first gift. And "Thank you," he repeated, more quietly, at the second. Then his deep-set eyes suddenly lifted to the giver's face.

"May I not put that into the box, too?" he asked shyly.

And already, taking her surprised silence for consent, he had slipped the coin into the slot.

She caught him as he was moving away.

"Tell me," she asked, "why did you do that?"

"So that there should be more money for the crippled poor children, of course," he answered. "I don't know what it's like to be a cripple, but I do know what it is to be poor."

And he was off again, pursuing a car which had been held up by the traffic.

THE LOCUST AND THE MAIZE

Experience on a Kenya Farm

500-ACRE CROP DEVoured

Few English newspapers have had space to tell us any of the extraordinary facts brought to light at the international congress on locusts lately held in Rome. Little has been heard of the appalling havoc which these insects have been and are still working among the crops of our kinsmen in Africa.

The damage is so drastic that the farmers of Kenya are advised to cut the remnants of their wheat and maize, dry it, and keep it as fodder for their dairy cattle to save the animals from famine.

A single example from actual facts comes from a friend of the C.N. who is now on the sea, returning with heavy heart to his Kenya farm.

The bulk of the work on his farm is done by natives, the most important part of whose food is maize. This is eaten roasted, ground into flour for bread and cakes, or, mixed with water and cow's milk, made into a sort of porridge which they call posho.

For the benefit of his native workers our friend grows 500 acres of maize. The locusts have eaten his entire crop, and his first duty on reaching Kenya will be to buy forty tons of maize with which to feed the men, women, and children who look to him for support and maintenance.

"What a heavenly climate England has!" said our friend as he looked about him and saw no locust.

ONE OF THE NOBLE METALS

The Fight Between Chromium and Tungsten

By a Scientific Correspondent

We are quite accustomed now to see the brightly-plated motor lamps and radiators coated with chromium instead of nickel.

Chromium has been quietly replacing nickel for electro-plating forks and spoons and hundreds of other domestic things. Chromium-plated objects never want cleaning or polishing, and so they save an immense amount of work.

It looked, indeed, as if chromium was likely to oust nickel from the electro-plating bath, but already there is a rival in the field. The very black substance we see in the filament of an electric lamp (tungsten) takes a form brighter and whiter than silver when deposited by means of an electric current on metal things. It surpasses chromium, and no acid will destroy it, no chemical fumes tarnish it.

Chemical difficulties in the way of plating with chromium took years to overcome, and there have been still greater difficulties to deal with in electro-plating with tungsten. But the beautiful silvery white appearance of tungsten plate is supreme, and in its indifference to acids and weather it has suddenly revealed itself as one of the noble metals.

A NEW IDEA IN A DEAF HOME

Setting the Beds Shaking

An excellent idea has been carried out in a newly-built home for deaf people in Germany.

In view of any possible danger, how were they to warn all these deaf people? That was the problem. But now they may sleep soundly without fear, for an automatic device has been so arranged that by pressing a button the night watchman can set all the mattresses on the beds shaking, and no one could sleep through that.

There are also light signals instead of bells in case of alarm.

During these Years Mother

Take them to the dentist often



FILM

FEW parents realize how rapidly children's teeth decay.

It's a wrong, but common, belief that baby teeth don't matter. Many systemic troubles of later years may result. Watch them—guard them constantly under your dentist's supervision.

As people go to dentists they pay more attention to their teeth at home and those

who are most concerned about their teeth eventually turn to Pepsodent.

Film glues germs to teeth so stubbornly that ordinary ways cannot remove it. It discolours teeth and makes them unattractive.

Pepsodent removes film—gently. It is completely safe to the most delicate enamel.

Go to the dentist and take your children. Afterwards have them use Pepsodent twice a day. It is the finest method science knows.

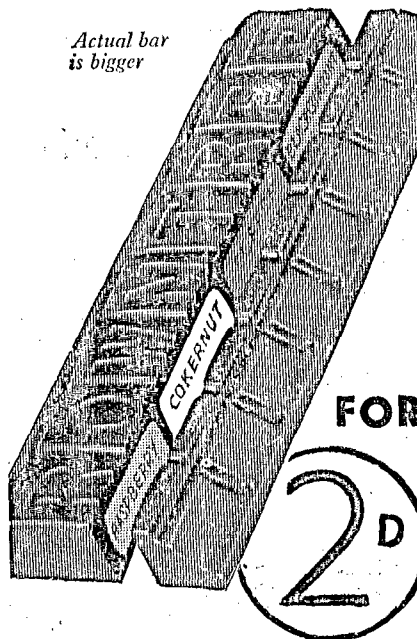
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THE DANGER TRAIL

Serial Story by
T. C. Bridges

What Has Happened Before

Derek Fair's home is in Bolivia, where his father has a ranch.

While rescuing a drowning Indian named Kespi, Derek and his friend Tod Milligan make an enemy of Carbajal, a rich mine owner.

Carbajal threatens to ruin them. Only a large sum of money can save the situation. This Kespi offers to produce, and leads Derek and Tod, blindfolded, to a secret treasure in the hills; but as they are returning, with pockets full of precious emeralds, they find themselves trapped.

They make their way back across a dangerous, snow-clad desert.

CHAPTER 9

King of the Air

THE plane side-slipped and began to drop. She came down in tight spirals. Her pilot, whoever he was, knew his business.

"She's going straight into the Pit of Mist," said Tod quickly.

"About the only place where she could land safely," Derek answered.

"I was reckoning she was coming right up here after us," said Tod.

Derek laughed. "They haven't a notion we're up here. The odds are they fully believe we're still in the valley—that is, if they really know that we got through the hill. See, he's down," he went on, "and two—three men getting out. I wonder if it's Carbajal. Kespi, can you see?"

Kespi lowered his spy-glass.

"Too far see good," he answered, "but I no think him Carbajal. I think him Dolaro."

"Who's Dolaro?" demanded Tod.

"He Carbajal's man. He all as bad as Carbajal."

"Sounds healthy," grumbled Tod. "And now I suppose that as soon as he finds out which way we've gone he'll be on our track. And he can get here before dark. What are we going to do about it?"

"He'll never try to fly up here," said Derek with decision. "Look at the ground. No plane could land up here without crashing."

"Hope you're right," Tod said. "It's precious cold up here, and the wind's getting stronger every minute. Let's get down."

Indeed it was quite time to go down for the wind, edged with ice from the snow peaks to the west, was blowing in great booming gusts which made the tall pillar of rock vibrate like an organ pipe, and threatened to tear the climbers from their holds. It was all they could do to get down in safety, and they were very glad of shelter and the warm glow of the fire when they reached firm ground. Manacan did the cooking, and over supper they held council.

The two boys were uneasy. The last thing they had expected was to be chased for they had felt sure that, by their journey through the heart of the mountain, they had thrown off their pursuers. Kespi explained that he was always watched. A few people, Carbajal among them, knew he had the secret of the hiding-place of the Royal Treasure, called the Big Fish, and were of course mad to lay their greedy hands on these riches. Carbajal or Dolaro had followed them, and, losing them in the gorge, had no doubt gone to Cuzco and hired a plane, hoping to spot them as they came out.

"He hasn't done that, anyhow," said Tod.

"He no do that," agreed Kespi, "but he find which way we go. That spy tell him. Tomorrow he come after us. But you no look so sad," he added as he noticed the expression of dismay on Tod's face. "I no think he catch us."

Tod looked out across the vast tableland which sloped upward to the distant mountains.

"I don't see how he can help it," he growled. "There's no cover."

"You mean no place hide. Maybe there more place than you think. Now you sleep. Tomorrow I show you."

The sun was not up and the wind had a bitter edge when Kespi roused them next morning. The little pool near the camp was crissed with ice and washing was a chilly business. Yet the thin, keen air was like champagne, and the blood tingled in their veins as the two boys tramped away across the great plateau. At any rate, they had twelve hours' start and they could trust Kespi to make the most of that.

Tod kept on looking round for he still had it at the back of his mind that their enemies would use their plane. Though the ground was rough and stony there were places where landing was possible.

But as the morning wore away and there was no sign of it he began to feel happier. The wind had gone down, the sun was bright and there was more life up here than either of the boys had supposed.

CHAPTER 10

Derek's Ill Dream

EXCEPT for a short rest at midday they kept going steadily. They could not go fast because the burros stuck to a steady three miles an hour, yet by four in the afternoon they had covered a good twenty miles. Then without any warning at all they found their way barred by a vast gorge.

Accustomed as they were to surprises of this kind neither of the boys had ever seen anything to touch this canyon. It cut the tableland clean in two, and was so deep that the bottom was lost in a purple haze. One step over the edge and one would not have touched anything for nearly half a mile. Tod stared down into the immense depths and his face was blank as he turned to Kespi.

"Kind of forgot this, didn't you?"

"I no forget him. I have good reason I bring you here."

"All right," said Tod, with a shrug. "Then I suppose we walk round the end. Only trouble is I can't see any end."

A ghost of a smile crossed Kespi's wrinkled face. "You not trust old Kespi very much. But I show you."

He took Tod by the arm and led him a little way along the edge.

"Now you look," he said.

Tod's eyes widened as they rested on a path cut in the side of the cliff and leading down at a long slope into the depths of the canyon.

"Well, if that don't beat the band," he exclaimed. "Let's go right along before it gets dark."

Kespi shook his head.

"You go now, you die."

As he spoke a shadow crossed them and Kespi dragged Tod sharply back from the edge. With a whistle of wind in its pinions a huge bird drove past close overhead and swept down into the depths.

Derek stared at the great creature. "A condor!" he exclaimed.

Black plumaged, with a broad white band around its neck, its wings had a spread of fully twelve feet. With its beak hooked like a scimitar, its hard yellow eyes, and immense talons, it was a most formidable foe. "But I never knew they attacked you," he exclaimed.

"You know now," Kespi answered gravely. "You stay along edge or walk him path in daylight, and condor beat you with his wings. See!" He pointed across the gorge. The cliff opposite was not so steep as the one above which they stood, but was broken by ledges and terraces. Here and there grew clumps of brush. Along one of these ledges a creature about the size of a fallow deer was leaping. Its back was covered with long reddish wool, but it was white underneath.

It was a vicuna, an animal which is of the same family as the llama and, like it, lives only in the high country of the Andes. It had been resting in a clump of brush, but something had scared it out and it was running wildly for the next patch of cover. "There's a tiger after it," cried Tod. His quick eyes had caught the long, sinuous, tawny form of a great puma in pursuit of the vicuna.

"There's something else after it," said Derek. "Look at the condor."

The huge bird of prey was swooping upon the vicuna, and the boys held their breath as they watched the terrible pounce.

But the vicuna seemed to sense the second danger and suddenly leaped sideways over a rock into a niche in the cliff side. The condor, foiled in its intention of knocking the animal off the ledge, braked sharply, and hung almost motionless a few feet above the ledge. At the same instant the puma came bounding up.

A hungry puma is as fierce as a Bengal tiger. Savage at losing sight of its prey, and seemingly aware that the condor was to blame, it leaped upward and made a lightning-like strike with its powerful front paw at the bird. Its rapier-like claws caught in the condor's wing and bird and beast together dropped back upon the ledge.

For an instant there was a wild whirl of feathers and fur as the condor beat furiously with its uninjured wing and drove its hooked talons into the puma's face.

"They're going over!" gasped Tod, and the words were hardly out of his mouth before both were over the edge, and still locked together, hurtling downward. They

struck a jutting rock, bounced off it, and dropped another thousand feet. A faint thud came up from the depths.

Tod shivered. "Give us your orders, Kespi," he said curtly.

"We eat," the Indian answered. "Then wait for moon. Tomorrow we be over there." He pointed to the opposite cliff.

The moon did not rise until nine, so the party were able to get some hours of sleep before starting, and that was just as well, for the journey down the pass was as trying as anything they had yet attempted. The path was nowhere more than a yard wide and there was no ledge or parapet—nothing to save anyone who made a single false step.

It took three hours to reach the bottom, and the boys were only too thankful to drink from the cool river running through the gorge and rest for an hour before tackling the climb up the far side. This path was not quite so steep or narrow, but it was much longer, and the great snow peaks to the East were pink in the dawn flush when at last they reached the rim rock.

"My, but I'm glad that's done," panted Tod, as he dropped on a rock. "Where do we go next, Kespi?"

"We stay here. We eat, we sleep."

"What, and lose all our start?"

"We have plenty start," Kespi told him, and gave Manacan orders to light a fire. There was shelter from the sun under a projecting crag, and the boys were so tired that they were only too glad to get to sleep.

The shadows were long when Kespi roused them. "Dolaro, he come," he announced calmly.

Tod shot up as if driven by a spring.

"And you've let us sleep all this time!"

"You no walk unless you sleep," replied Kespi. "Burros no walk if they no eat. You no jump like that. Come quiet and see."

He led them out from their rock shelter, and crept on hands and knees toward the edge of the cliff. Boulders gave plenty of cover and the burros were tethered out of sight.

In the clear evening light they saw men standing on the opposite rim of the canyon. Though dwarfed by distance, they were plainly visible. One white man, squat and powerfully built, six Indians, four donkeys.

The white man was standing on the very edge of the cliff, and searching the opposite rim with a pair of field-glasses. The Indians were armed with guns and rifles.

"Is that Dolaro?" Derek asked.

"Him Dolaro," replied Kespi.

"He's a bit too close to the edge for safety," said Derek. "Ah, watch!" As he spoke one of the broad-winged condors, of which several were soaring overhead, stooped. One of the Indians flung up his gun and fired. The huge bird came fluttering down almost on Dolaro's head, and he jumped back only just in time to avoid it.

"That'll learn him," said Tod.

Dolaro's men were all talking at once.

"They know too much," grumbled Tod.

"See, they're camping."

"They camp. They wait for moon," Kespi said.

"The moon doesn't rise till ten," Derek added. "And by the time they've crossed the ravine they won't want to do much more for a bit. That means we have twenty-four hours' start. When do we shift, Kespi?"

"When dark come," was the answer.

As soon as it was dark they packed up and left. By the time the moon rose they were many miles on their way.

"We've got a fine start," said Tod.

"Yes, if we can keep it," Derek pointed to the icy peaks, silver under the moon. "We have to cross those. Anything may happen, Tod."

"So it may to Dolaro. Anyway, I'm trusting to Kespi to pull us through. Hello, what's the trouble with that burro? He's limping badly."

Sure enough, Sucki, the better of the two donkeys, was going very lame on his near fore-leg. Manacan explained that he had cut it against a sharp stone.

Tod was dismayed, but Kespi took it calmly. He told them there was a shelter not far away, and that a few hours' rest and a bandage would put Sucki to rights. They turned a little to the North and presently came to a hollow with a pool and beside it an old stone building. The roof was still sound and they were glad of the shelter.

Fifteen miles of tramping had made them all sleepy; they rolled up in their blankets and slept.

Derek woke in the middle of a horrible dream. Tod's voice roused him. Tod's voice hoarse and choking. He tried to spring up, but before he could get clear of his blankets a man flung himself upon him and forced him down.

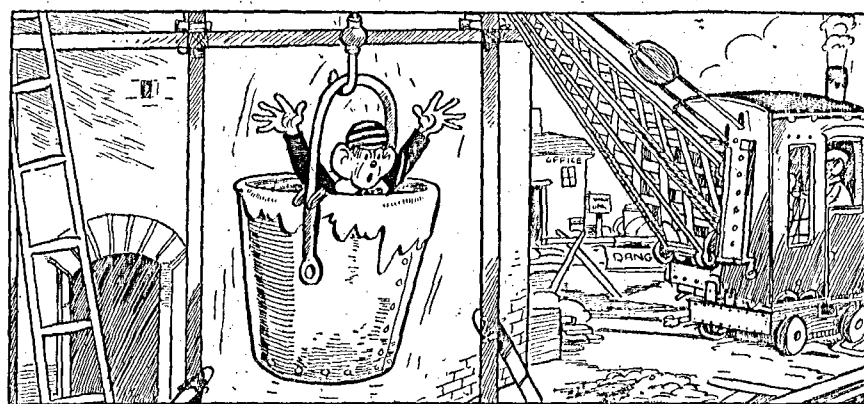
TO BE CONTINUED

JACKO CAUGHT WONDERING

THE Jacko Family was very interested in a great building which was being put up just across the road.

All but Mother Jacko, who was not the least bit thrilled.

"The hammering is bad enough," she complained. "But the electric drill sets my teeth on edge."



The crane began to move

Jacko thoroughly enjoyed the drill. He thought it great fun to watch the sparks fly.

One day the excitement came to an end, for a hoarding appeared which blocked everything and everyone out. But something remained which could still be seen, and that was a high crane. From it dangled a bucket at the end of a chain.

"I wonder what's inside," thought Jacko. And he made up his mind to find out.

The next day his opportunity came. Prowling round on his way home from school he saw through a hole that the men had gone to dinner.

"Now's my chance," chuckled Jacko; and he squeezed through the opening and made for the bucket.

There it stood, just touching the ground, streaked all over with something that looked like whitewash.

He was peeping inside when he was startled to hear a workman's footstep.

Jacko was terrified.

He glanced round, but there was nowhere to hide. But there was the bucket! Quick as lightning he scrambled inside.

Only just in time, too; for as he crouched down the man walked past.

Jacko peeped out when he had gone by.

"Coo!" he muttered. "What a narrow shave! I'll hop off now before any more come."

But there was not much hopping. When he tried to lift his foot it refused to budge. The crane began to move.

He wriggled the other and that was stuck too! The bottom of the bucket

was covered with cement!

was covered with cement!

was covered with cement!

was covered with cement!

was covered with cement!

was covered with cement!

was covered with cement!



Enjoy real home-made
'Xmas fare with

Hugon's 'ATORA' The Good BEEF SUET

Mincemeat.

1lb. Shredded 'Atora.' 1lb. Currants. 1lb. chopped Apples. 1lb. Brown Sugar. 1lb. chopped Raisins. ½ lb. Citron Peel. ½ lb. Candied Orange Peel. ½ lb. Candied Lemon Peel. 2oz. Sweet Almonds, blanched and chopped. 1 Lemon. ½ Nutmeg, grated. ½ teaspoonful Salt. 1 lb. chopped Sultanas. ½ pint of Brandy or Whisky.

Dry the sultanas and currants after washing, mix all dry ingredients together after chopping. Lastly, add the grated rind and strained juice of lemon and the brandy or whisky. Mix all thoroughly. (Ingredients can be put through small mincing machine instead of being chopped.)

Christmas Pudding.

1lb. Shredded 'Atora.' 2lb. Raisins. 1lb. Currants. 1lb. Sultanas. ½ lb. Candied Peel. ½ lb. Sugar. 2 teaspoonful Baking Powder. ½ lb. Flour. 2oz. Sweet Almonds. Rind and juice of 1 Lemon. 6 Eggs. 1lb. Breadcrumbs. ½ Nutmeg. 1 eggspoonful Salt. Milk—sufficient to make right consistency. ½ pint Rum.

Clean currants, stone raisins, put all the dry ingredients into a basin, blanch and chop almonds, add eggs, well beaten, grated rind of lemon, and the juice strained. Mix all thoroughly, put into greased pudding basins, cover with greased paper and steam 6 hours. Sufficient for 4 puddings.

These recipes are taken from the 'Atora' Book of 100 tested recipes. Send a postcard for a copy post free from HUGON & CO., Ltd., Manchester.

436c

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AND NON-ALCOHOLIC.

POST FREE. This case contains three trial bottles of Mason's Wine Essences, Ginger, Orange and Black Currant. Each bottle contains enough essence to make a full size bottle of delicious wine. The case will be sent post free to all who send name and address and 8d. to:—

NEWBALL & MASON Ltd., NOTTINGHAM

Cut out this coupon and post to-day.

COUPON

I enclose 8d. in stamps and would like to sample your Ginger, Orange and Black Currant Wine Essences.

Name.....

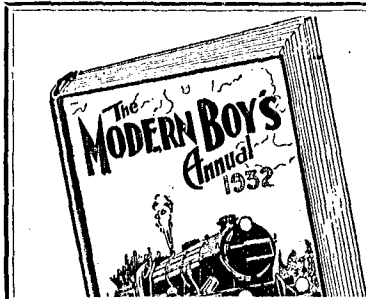
Address.....

*If it's
CREMONA
it's good
Toffee!*

Try "RED BOY" Chocolate Assortment

CUT THIS OUT

CHILDREN'S PEN COUPON. VALUE 3d.
Send 5 of these coupons with only 2/6 (and 2d. stamp) direct to the FLEET PEN CO., 119, Fleet St., E.C.4. By return you will receive a handsome Lever Self-Filling FLEET S.F. PEN with Solid Gold Rib (Fine, Medium or Broad), equal to those sold at 10/6. Fleet price, 4/-, or with 5 coupons only 2/6. De Luxe Model, 2/- extra.



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At all Newsagents and Booksellers

6s. net.

The Children's Newspaper will be delivered every week at any house in the world for 11s a year. See below.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

November 7, 1931

Every Thursday, 2d

Arthur Mee's Monthly, My Magazine, will be delivered anywhere in the world for 14s 6d a year (Canada 14s).

THE BRAN TUB

How Much?

JUST as Ann was passing the sweet shop her brother came out.

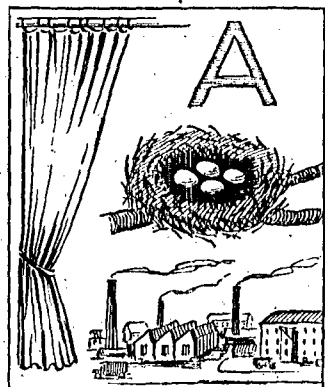
"What did you pay for that?" she inquired when she saw John's purchase.

But John was in a teasing mood. "One third and half of one third of twopenny," he said.

How much did he pay?

Answer next week

A Picture Puzzle



FIND the four words represented here and place them in such order that two consecutive letters from each word will spell something that is found in this paper.

Answer next week

Forty-Five

CAN you take forty-five from forty-five and yet leave forty-five? This is how it is done: 987654321 added comes to 45. Take away 123456789 which adds up to 45.

864197532 which equals 45.

How They Worked

Schubert. Noise and clamour were the stimulants which Schubert needed. Much of his best work was written in the hubbub of coffee shops. He composed the music to Hark, Hark the Lark on the back of a menu while chattering to friends. His song The Dwarf was composed in a music shop during the course of an animated conversation with a fellow customer.

Ici On Parle Français



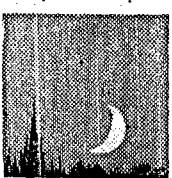
La frange Le champignon La robe

Les tapis sont ornés d'une frange. Ces champignons sont vénéneux. Ce n'est qu'une robe de fillette.

Other Worlds Next Week

IN the morning the planet Jupiter

is in the South. In the evening Saturn is in the South-West, Uranus is in the South-East, and Jupiter is in the East toward midnight. The picture shows the Moon as it may be seen looking South at 5 p.m. on November 13.



What the Chinese Say

HE who toils with pain will eat with pleasure.

Forbearance is a domestic jewel.

Something is learned every time a book is opened.

To stop the hand is the way to stop the mouth.

Who aims at excellence will be above mediocrity; who aims at mediocrity will fall short of it.

The Snipe

LARGE numbers of snipe spend the winter in Great Britain, and they are now beginning to arrive from Scandinavia. They usually haunt damp or marshy districts.

The curious noise made by the snipe's wings is something like the bleating of a goat—a fact which has caused it to be known in some parts of France as the Flying Goat.

The snipe lives on worms, insects, and the seeds of water plants.

A Little Tale

KING ALFRED'S ears a lady cuffed because he burned her cakes. Now to appear so simply huffed is one of life's mistakes.

A moral to this tale that is:

Three more you still will find.

One: 'Tis not fair a man to quiz

When State sits on his mind.

Two: When you cook much keenness show.

And Three: Lest unawares

You cuff royal ears (incognito)

Make sure whose are the ears.

Marjorie Wilson

Beheaded Word

WHOLE, I am a great supporter of the human body; behead me, and I am found on the human body; behead again, and the human body cannot live without me.

Answer next week

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

Cheaper Chocolates. 1250extrapounds

Diagonal Acrostic

Wreck
books
barge
shade
glass

What Am I?

IX

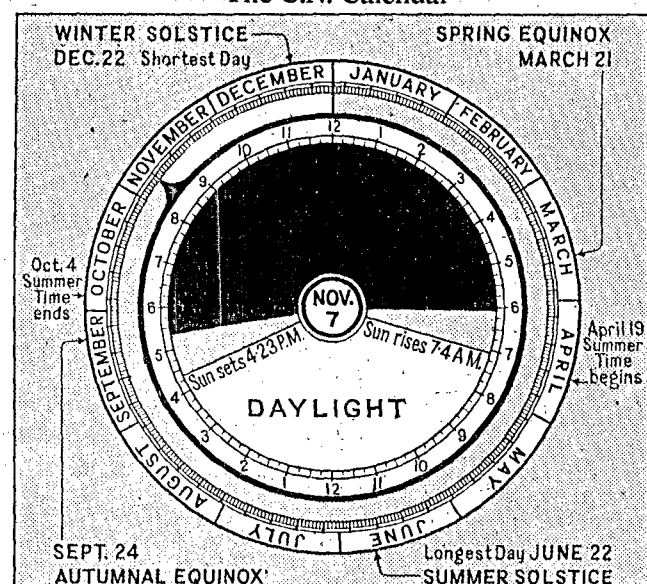
What Country?

Belgium

C.N. Cross Word Puzzle

L	A	I	D	B	E	T	A	M	E	T	E	R
M	O	N	E	Y	L	A	D	D	E	R	T	O
U	R	E	E	L	S	D	R	E	A	M	C	
S	T	E	M	O	E	R	I	T	A	R	K	
T	A	G	D	O	A	L	L	T	R	E	E	
A	C	R	O	S	S	A	L	S	O	S	R	
R	E	A	M	E	E	R	S	S	O	O	T	
D	R	O	M	E	E	A	S	E	L	M	S	

The C.N. Calendar



This calendar shows daylight, twilight, and darkness on November 7. The days are now getting shorter. The arrow indicating the date shows at a glance how much of the year has elapsed.

Dr MERRYMAN

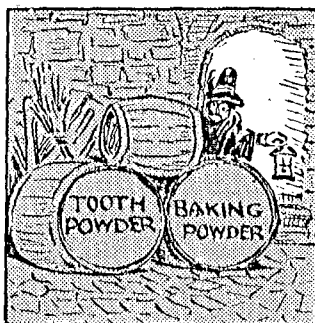
An Ignoramus

BINKS: Old Hinks considers he knows a lot, but there's one thing he doesn't know.

Jinks: And what is that?

Binks: How much he doesn't know.

Powder



"FOR mixing up things," grumbled Guy, "Some tradesmen take the bun. They've sent me Tooth and Baking, And of course I ordered Gun!"

With the Others

HUSBAND: That new maid who came this morning seems to have plenty of go.

Wife: Plenty of go? Why, she's gone!

Very Much Wanted

IN a small American town the local police officer was also a veterinary surgeon.

His wife answered the telephone one night.

"Do you want my husband in his capacity as veterinary surgeon or as a police officer?" she asked.

"Both," was the reply. "We can't make our bulldog open its mouth, and there's a burglar in it."

Pianissimo

SIX-YEAR-OLD Jack was very proud of a toy violin he had made.

"Very good, old chap," said Daddie. "Where did you get the wires?"

"Out of the piano," Jack replied.

Really?

A YOUNG know-all from the town was showing his ignorance in the country.

"Why do you whitewash the inside of your chicken coop?" he asked a farmer.

"To prevent the hens picking the grain out of the wood," was the quiet reply.



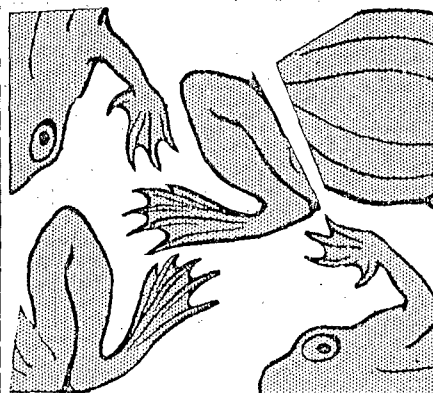
Fit as the young

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Cannot swim, will not sink
What creature is it do you think?

When you were very young you probably took this, or something like it, in the bath to play with. And when the water got inside you tried to squeeze it out and only made a big dent.

Now you are bigger the best thing to squeeze is a tube of Kolynos. Out comes the most lovely toothpaste in the world. Half an inch is enough on a dry brush, and oh! what gorgeous, cleansing foam all over mouth and teeth!

If you would like a free sample tube of Kolynos, cut out the pieces in the picture and paste them together on a postcard with your name and address. Then send the card to the address given below and you will receive by return of post your free tube.

KOLYNOS DENTAL CREAM

Send your postcard to Kolynos (Dept. F 50) Chancery Street, London, W.C.1. Don't forget to give your name and address.

FIVE-MINUTE STORY

EVE had married and had gone out to Kenya.

Before she had left England she had been a nurse, and rather to her surprise she found her knowledge very useful in a place where doctors and nurses were apparently scarce.

At first everything seemed very strange to her. It took a long time for her to become accustomed to the quaint little houses, with their mud floors, for she came from a very spic-and-span home, where every cup had its own hook and every spoon its special place.

But Eve came to love the life of a colonist. There were always the animals to look after; and she took a great pride in her garden, much to

the amusement of her friends at home, for it would never have occurred to her in the old days to take up even a weed. She looked with envy at her neighbour's lovely garden, with its grand display of flowers, but consoled herself with the thought that after all five years' work had been put into it, and that one day hers would look as fine.

When holiday-time came round Eve and her husband decided to join some friends and go on safari. Saedi, their little black cook, was to go with them. He nearly burst himself with pride, and at once felt himself very superior to all the other boys.

The necessary preparations and packing done, the little party set out.

They had a very successful holiday till the last day. They had decided to go for a picnic to a large cave on the mountainside, supposed to be the playing-ground of young lion cubs.

But from start to finish the picnic was a failure. First one of the party showed signs of fever coming on, another sprained his ankle, no lion cubs were to be seen in their usual haunts, and the final catastrophe was when Saedi tripped on a rock, fell, and broke his arm.

As there was no doctor on the spot Eve came to the rescue. She bound up his arm in a very masterly way and soon had him comfortable.

Saedi was full of wonder at his mistress's skill. It was

SAEDI'S GRATITUDE

very unexpected, too, for he had never had much opinion of women; now she went up in his estimation by leaps and bounds.

The following day the party reached home, glad enough to be back, as is so often the way after a holiday.

The same night Saedi, with rather unusual generosity, offered Eve a large bouquet of beautiful flowers, out of gratitude for what she had done for him.

As soon as he had left the room a dark fear stole into Eve's heart. She crossed the room to the window. It was as she thought. Her neighbours had paid the price of Saedi's gratitude.

Their garden was stripped of every flower!